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THE WIFE AND THE WITCH.

RAVENSBERG, a county in the circle of Westphalia, is remarkable for four castles, each of which stands at the head of a village; they are all rude comfortless buildings, rarely inhabited by the noblemen to whom they belong. Some years ago, that of Lemberg, the least agreeable residence of the whole set, was, notwithstanding its dark portals and unornamented walls, a place to which every eye looked with hope or pleasure, because it was the abode of Agatha Seigenstadt, the widow of an officer, who was beloved by all who knew her. The castle belonged to count Seigenstadt, who was a gay bachelor for some years at the court of Vienna; and, although age stole upon him and decreased the pleasures to which he had been accustomed, he did not feel any desire to bury himself alive at Lemberg, though many persons considered it his duty to retire to the castle, and provide himself with an heir, as his father had done before him. The count was rather pleased than sorry to find, that his younger brother had taken this trouble upon himself a short time before he was killed in battle, fighting against Frederic of Prussia. The unfortunate officer left a young widow, who, in giving birth to a son, followed her gallant husband to a premature grave; and the young Frederic was left to the care of his uncle.

The count was then a dashing man, but he was good-natured, and did as

much as could be expected. He secured for the infant's benefit the small property left by a father whose fortune was his sword, and by a mother whose portion was her beauty, and put the babe into careful hands.

In due time the orphan became a man, and, like all younger branches in Germany, a soldier. He was handsome, enterprising, and well-informed; his general confided in him, and his brother officers loved him. The count always heard of him with pride, and spoke of him as his heir; but he rarely favored him with those pecuniary supplies which would have been more welcome to him at this time than at a later period, and, when he removed to a distant service, seldom thought of him, yet always kindly.

Time had passed—the count had talked of many matches for his nephew and wedding-presents also, when he was suddenly informed that he had been desperately wounded, and was laid up on his way homewards, at the house of a good clergyman, whose niece Agatha was devoted to his cure, and thought to have made an indelible impression on his heart. The twofold misfortune thus revealed roused the count to action. He set out instantly for Frankfort on the Oder, near which his nephew had found a resting-place in the day of his distress. He found that gallant sufferer in a deplorable state, yet one of hope; for a fair, gentle, and simple maiden, whose

cessant activity of kindness and natural cheerfulness might "create a soul under the ribs of death," was his attendant.

Such was Agatha's merit, such was the wounded man's love, and so strong were the count's newly-excited feelings, that, when the captain became convalescent, he actually consented to their marriage; but it most unfortunately fell out, that, at the very time when his last objection had been removed, his nephew's last bandages and potions abandoned, a promotion in the army, and an order to join his regiment without delay, were brought to the ambitious soldier. In such cases, we all know, love must give way to glory. The lover only bargained for the power of bestowing his name on Agatha, and receiving her vows in the neighbouring church, under the blessing of her uncle, who was not less anxious for the measure, as he was aged and infirm, and consequently desirous of securing her a protector. The ceremony was concluded; the bridegroom departed; and Agatha was left to weep, and to wonder, at the novelty of her situation.

In a little time she had new cause for tears; her uncle died suddenly; and the count, to whom she could alone look for protection, removed her to the lonely castle of Lemberg, as the place most fitted for so young and pretty a wife to pass the indefinite period of her husband's absence; and for that purpose he settled upon her a handsome annuity, and informed his servants that henceforward she must be considered as their mistress, and reign paramount at Lemberg.

The castle was gloomy, the servants were old, the village dull, and Agatha found, on inquiry, that the majority of the inhabitants were Calvinists, who disliked her as the daughter of Lutherans, and the niece of a minister of that persuasion. There was no amusement in the country, no gaiety in their sober parties; and every thing was so cold and stately, that any disposition, ex-

cept one so lively and sweet as that of the young bride, would have sunk under the sense of gloom. She was, indeed, for some time depressed; but when she had ceased to lament her beloved uncle, and learned that her husband would probably come in the winter to his own country, her natural gaiety returned, and the walls of the castle re-echoed to her songs and her lute.

But alas! before the winter set in, a courier arrived from the count to inform her, that her husband had been slain in a conflict with the French, whose victory had been so decisive, that private calamity was lost in public consternation. He promised to continue her pension, and to take an early opportunity of visiting her, and bitterly lamented that his hopes, of a descendant were thus prematurely cut off.

Agatha was extremely sorry that the major was dead, for she esteemed him highly, and in her own opinion loved him most fondly. It is at least certain that she had never seen any man whom she had loved half so well; but probably sympathy for his sufferings in the first place, and afterwards gratitude for his generous affection, had more to do in the regard she felt for him than love. Be that as it may, she lamented him sincerely and as long as she could; but, when the winter was gone and the flowers grew, and the birds sang, the fair cheek of Agatha recovered its bloom, and she also sang sweetly, though with a more serious air than she was wont to assume.

The old servants were decrepit, and therefore Agatha rendered their tasks light, and they never told her of a want, or a sorrow, which she did not relieve or lighten. After the close of day, she read to them in the Bible, talked of her dear old uncle and his happy end, and sent them to bed praying for blessings upon her. In the mornings she made baby linen for the poor, wove rush baskets to hold the fruit which she sent to the sick, or prepared medicine and conserves for them. After dinner she

read or played, and in the evening attended to her flowers, or took a walk in the village, where she always appeared in the costume of a widow, and moved with a grace and matron-like deportment.

Youth, beauty, gentle manners, and great misfortunes, have all a tendency to soften prejudice and awaken good-will—by degrees, every body felt this for the young widow at the castle, and soon the most rigid Calvinist ceased to pronounce her “a vessel of wrath.” It was even remarked that old Beatrice, the long-reputed witch of the village, suffered her to pass without a frown or a curse,—a forbearance which might be deemed a very unusual compliment, and might, at an earlier or a later period in her life have been attended with the supposition that she was a partner in the diabolical mysteries attributed to the witch.

Agatha, although her education had happily left her a very simple girl, was yet much too well-informed to believe in witchcraft,—a doctrine utterly exploded by her late uncle and his sect, notwithstanding the opinions of their great founder. With her usual humanity she endeavoured to clear the character of Beatrice from this stain; and, although it was intimated to her that the old woman traversed the whole circle of Franconia every year, and had made a pilgrimage to Marienburg, to explore the ruins of its former palace of the knights Templars, doubtless to pick up some relic of eastern sorcery,—that she kept two black cats, and had a scull and a string of human teeth in her room, into which no stranger’s eye dared to look or foot to enter, the good-natured incredulous Agatha maintained her innocence. In vain was she told, “that one man’s cow was bewitched and gave no milk, that another man’s child lay in death-like convulsions under the same influence, that the hearts of true lovers were divided, the faces of dead men seen to peep through windows, sounds of supernatural import heard, and deeds wrought by magic:”—to all she

shook her head in unbelief. Yet unbelief was so far from being a part of her general character, that she was notorious for being imposed upon by any person who chose to take that trouble; and even old Beatrice herself, when after many interviews she at length spoke to her, addressed her in these words,

Wife, widow, and maid,
Too prone to believe,
Of all be afraid,
For all will deceive:

Guard against friend, guard against stranger,
Guard ’gainst thyself, for there lies thy danger.

This apostrophe amused Agatha exceedingly: it was an incident in her dull life that served to vary its monotony, and inspired her with an anxious desire to open the mouth of the oracle again; but it neither acted upon her as a warning, nor removed the opinion she had formed, that Beatrice was a clever old woman, a great oddity, but no more of a sorceress than herself.

By degrees she succeeded in softening the asperity of Beatrice’s manners, and drawing her from that determined solitude in which she had long lived; and the neighbors, who had fled tremblingly from the old hag’s presence, no longer shunned one whom they saw “the lady” associate with. Beatrice had long uttered her denunciations, or opinions, only in doggrel verses, and with the air of one inspired; but she now descended from her Sibylline rhapsodies, and answered in common language the kind inquiries of the young widow. The benevolent attentions of one who sought to protect her from insult, and ensure happiness and respect to her old age, had evidently the effect of rendering her enthusiastically attached to her young friend; but a cold contempt invariably marked her manners to those who now seemed willing to be *her* friends, and, when the usual time of her peregrination arrived, she set out, as usual, to scatter murrain and disease among men and beasts, through the whole circle.

Whatever might be the powers of Beatrice for evil, her conversation, attainments, and even her mystification, were of use to poor Agatha, by stimulating the energies of her mind, and giving to the generous propensities of her nature, and the principles of her religious kindness, an object of extraordinary interest. Year after year passed, unmarked by any event except an annual letter and remittance from the count; for even the busy wars in which Germany was engaged, seldom drew a stray peasant from Lemberg, or agitated the calm bosoms of its inhabitants.

The death of Albert, the manager of the castle, and that of his wife Alice, which soon followed, broke painfully upon the even tenor of the widow's life; and, one evening, as she was recollecting that seven years had elapsed since the major's death, it brought to her mind the circumstance, that she had reached her twenty-fifth birthday. Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of her new maid, to inform her, that a gentleman who had been robbed, and (as she feared) almost murdered, craved instant admission. "Certainly, certainly," cried Agatha, in all the eagerness of instinctive pity; but in another moment she deplored the death of that respectable couple, whose presence would have sanctioned the entertainment of a male guest. The maid returned with an account full of moving incidents respecting the guest, whom she described as singularly graceful in his person and apparently of rank: he had fought, she said, and, as he apprehended, killed one of his assailants; and the hurried manner in which he had prayed for admission arose less from the pain of his wounds, which were slight, than from the fear that he should be pursued by the banditti, and murdered in revenge for the loss of their comrade.

Agatha gave orders for his accommodation, and listened to every report and surmise respecting him with that intense curiosity and interest, which can only be experienced by a

young imaginative person, entirely ignorant of the world, and living in such deep solitude, that whatever offered a subject of thought became attractive, as an exercise for the faculties of the mind and the feelings of the heart. It was under this excitation of the spirits that she first beheld the stranger, who announced himself as Albert Dusseldorf, the younger son of a good family, whose small fortune constrained him to remain a subaltern.

The lieutenant had the appearance of health, and a considerable share of manly beauty, when Agatha first saw him, and his manners were so agreeable that she felt it impossible for her to retain him at the castle, notwithstanding the broad hints he gave that it was necessary for his safety. He removed to the village and procured a lodging, after which she did not see any impropriety in receiving his visits, to which she was constantly urged by the maid, who was more than half in love with him, having never seen any person so gay and elegant in the course of her existence. Alas! it was not long before Agatha perceived that the situation of her own heart resembled that of her attendant. She had known what sorrow was before; but she now became unusually pensive and melancholy, and the walls of the mansion appeared to be those of a prison. She could not conceive what was the matter with herself, but the stranger could, and he ventured to declare that he adored her, and bitterly lamented the hard fate which must soon separate them for ever.—"Is that fate inevitable?" she asked.—"Not necessarily so. I would resign the army, my relations and country, my prospects, and every thing gladly for you; but then I have nothing but my hand to offer you."—She wanted nothing else; she had been once the object of professed love, and she knew with what pure gratitude she had regarded the worthy man who had exalted her, and the pride of her heart, not less than its affections, urged her to be equal-

ly generous to one whom her fancy depicted as the most meritorious of men. She remembered, that the count had promised the continuance of her income as a dowry to a future husband two years before ; but she forgot that he added, " if she should marry prudently." To her it appeared at any rate prudent to marry whilst she had an opportunity :—besides, " the castle was very lonely, servants were very troublesome, and, since old Albert was dead, some person in the form of a master should be procured.

With such sentiments Agatha ventured to marry, although the letter announcing her intention to the count was unanswered. Her neighbours rejoiced in the event : for they all loved her, and saw nothing to disapprove in her husband, whom they falsely, but naturally, concluded she knew much better than they did.

At this time old Beatrice was on her rounds ; and when the lady came out of the church on the first Sunday after her marriage, she crossed her path, to the great trouble of the superstitious villagers, who observed the circumstance ; but their consternation was much less than that of the bride, when the witch, with a look of oracular dignity and a tone of anger, thus accosted her,

I called thee widow, wife, and maid ;
Not one of these art thou—
A wretch, betraying, and betray'd,
The victim of a vow.

Fond fool, why didst thou not believe
One that can curse, but ne'er deceive.

Every syllable the hag uttered fell distinctly on the ear of Agatha, for she was accustomed to her voice ; but this was not the case with her husband, who was at once perplexed, angry, and alarmed, by the address. He hurried her forward, and asked a hundred questions respecting Beatrice ; she answered him with her wonted frankness, and, although a little fluttered at first by the singularity of the speech, soon recovered her usual sweetness and cheerfulness. Under the pretext of keeping out the witch, he carefully secured

every portal of the castle, commanded the servants to remain at home, and observed, in an authoritative tone, " that he would not suffer any person to go to church again during the ensuing winter." " He will be our chaplain himself," thought Agatha ; and she felt as if she should love him still better in that capacity than she had done before.

Every succeeding day served to prove, that neither this intention, nor any other which was good, was in Albert's thoughts. He quarrelled with the servants, one after another, and turned them away ; but with his wife he could not quarrel, as, let him say or do what he might, she took all in good part. When he was covetous, she praised his care ; when he was extravagant, she extolled his spirit. He told her at length that he saw no use in any servant but her waiting-maid ; to which she replied, that, when all were gone, it would be her felicity to wait upon him. She was now indeed much more busy than she had ever been in the days of her youth ; for, except a groom in the stable, and Mary in the house (who did very little), she had every task, even the most menial, to execute, and she was cooking her husband's dinner when the count's steward arrived to bring her income. When she saw who it was, the tears sprang to her eyes, as she thought of the major's love and his uncle's kindness ; but she soon wiped them, and received him with courtesy. She spoke much of her husband's care and propriety, the badness of servants, the necessity of a reform in the castle, and with great truth lamented the good old couple now gone. To her great joy her husband behaved in the handsomest manner to the steward, on whose departure, however, he took from her the money which she had received, and spoke to her as if she were a slave, rather than the generous wife she knew herself to be.

In a short time afterwards, he set out on a journey, saying that he was going for his pay, and left her with-

out money and almost without provisions. It was the belief of many people that he never would come back, and most of them sincerely wished it; but the two females of the castle were not of the number, for every sound they heard made their hearts throb with hope and apprehension. They both loved him, and they therefore could not love each other, and they were left in loneliness, poverty, and misery, to expect a new evil, for one was on the point of giving birth to a child—that one was not the wife.

Time passed—still there were no tidings of Dusseldorff; and the just anger of Agatha, on seeing the pregnancy of her servant, gave way to the compassion she felt for a young creature in a situation of such deep distress. The awful hour at length came which called for all her pity, tenderness, and activity, and she despatched the groom in quest of assistance; but not one person in the village would come near her except Beatrice, and she did not arrive in time to save the life of Mary, who died in giving birth to a lovely boy, breathing her last sigh in blessings on her mistress.

At this awful season, the witch seemed to be completely divested of her unusual characteristics; she swathed the innocent babe with tenderness, laid out the corpse with decency, and used no language or gestures but such as were kind and consolatory. She taught Agatha how to substitute artificial sustenance for that of which death had robbed the babe, praised her when she took it to her bosom, and never used any prophetic terms, except to say that it would live to bless her.

Poor Mary was laid in the earth within the walls of the castle; but all due prayers were made over her grave, and many who knew not her guilt concluded that she died in consequence of confinement and hard work. Agatha had been left to herself so long, that she indeed began to think her truant husband would return no more; but, in the maternal feelings excited for the helpless

child, and her pity for its mother, she became weaned from him, and sensible that she should be happier without him, fondly as she had loved him once. She was not left much longer to meditation on the subject; for, at the time of the old steward's annual visit, he again appeared at the castle. He did not come alone, for he was accompanied by two men and two women, one of whom, a handsome but bold and disgusting person, he treated with the most marked attention. They all appeared on their entrance to be his companions; but, when the steward made his appearance, they instantly fell into train as well-ordered servants, and the master of the house again behaved to his lady with that respect which was due to her, and accounted for her pale and haggard looks, by adverting to long sufferings from her confinement. Agatha was silent, but her heart beat tumultuously against her bosom, for her nature was abhorrent of all deceit; and for the first time she felt that love was banished from her bosom by contempt. But a sense of duty triumphed, when affection had ceased to act. She believed that she could yet restore him to virtue, and she determined on making the effort. When the old man was gone, she showed him the grave of Mary, and related the sad story of her penitence and her agonies: she also showed him the lovely boy, and promised to be a tender mother to him: she conjured him to cherish in his heart the feelings of a parent and the tenderness of a husband, and promised to bury all the past in oblivion. Her tenderness, the warmth of her descriptions, and the sense of relief experienced from the present possession of her property, affected him, and seemed to awaken him to contrition and gratitude; but, after spending a few hours with his dissolute companions (who now resumed their characters as such) all was forgotten, and he relapsed into sullen tyranny or open insolence.

All that had been deplorable in the situation of Agatha was now dou-

bled : she had the most bitter of all mortifications, that of receiving daily insults from an abandoned woman, whom her cruel husband proclaimed as his mistress, and she was compelled to be a servant to those who were unworthy of being her lowest menials. The castle was her prison, whence she had neither the means of escape, nor the power of informing any person of her desolate condition ; and it was with the greatest difficulty that she procured bare sustenance for herself and the poor babe, which was her great trouble, yet her sole comfort. Such was the misery this lovely, light-hearted, amiable being suffered at this period, that it could not have been endured but for the prospect of relief which she drew from the annual visit of the steward. —“ Twice,” she said to herself, “ have I from the purest motives disguised my situation ; but now I shall be fully justified even to my own fond foolish heart, in revealing it—to the count, my only friend, can I appeal for redress.”

When the time approached, Albert read her thoughts ; for he one day adverted to the circumstance, at the same time giving her some wine of a better quality than usual. “ I wish you,” said he, to dress well, and look well, when the steward comes : Charlotte will lend you some clothes.” —“ I cannot wear *her* clothes,” said the wife with a slight shudder,—“ I am not well, nor can I look so now.” —“ Madam, you must either act as before while the old man is here, or dread my vengeance.” —“ Alas, Albert, life is rendered so bitter to me, that I can now dread nothing beyond what I feel.” —“ You shall not die, but the steward shall, if you do not comply with my wishes ;—he shall not go home to tell tales to his master, nor shall you die and deprive me of my income.” —“ Oh ! you cannot be such a wretch—you cannot be a murderer, Albert ?” —“ Be this the proof of what I *can* be.”

With these words he caught up the innocent child, then playing on the floor, and ran toward the battle-

ment of the castle, evidently with an intention of hurling him thence. He had never loved the child, and had denied him even his name, so that the action was too accordant with his general feelings, and the horror which seized Agatha was such as to deprive her of all power of checking his progress. Her limbs refused their office, her parched tongue clove to her mouth ; she could neither scream nor move ; and, as the last cries of the terrified child broke on her ear, she sunk into a state of complete insensibility. When she revived, she perceived that she was laid on straw in a dark, desolate place, which by slow degrees she recognised as a dungeon in the castle, which she had never looked into but once, during her long residence. A lamp was placed near her, and a little food upon a plate ; but, although sensible of great weakness, she could not touch it, for the memory of the poor murdered child now rose to her mind, and overwhelmed her with sorrow, and in the recollections which crowded on her breast, of its tender endearments, the sorrows of its birth, and the horrors of its death, she forgot her own deplorable situation and the terrors which menaced her ; nor had she ceased weeping when her prison-door was unbarred, and her husband stood before her. The very sight of one equally terrific and hateful, almost reduced her again to the situation from which she had so lately emerged ; she placed her hands over her eyes, and trembled exceedingly.—“ Why do you tremble, fool ? listen and obey : the old steward is here ; he is told that you are ill, and does not insist upon seeing you ; but it is necessary that you sign this receipt, and write a line or two to his master, indicative of your indisposition, and of the kindness I am showing you.” —“ Kindness ! ah ! Albert, how can I write this ?” —“ You may do it, or behold the old man brought hither and murdered—please yourself.”

Agatha seized the pen he offered, and, with an effort surprising to herself, fulfilled his wish.

(To be concluded.)

THE INVOLUNTARY MIRACLE.

IN the 14th century, on the spot where that most excellent establishment Christ's hospital now stands, arose the noble and richly endowed house of the Grey Friars, with its long cloistered walks, its lofty and pinnacled towers, its fair oriel windows, rich in heraldic blazonry and delicate tracery, and its splendid church, inferior in size and grandeur to the Metropolitan cathedral alone, beneath whose lofty and fretted roof two queens (Margaret of France and Isabella) besides princes of the blood, and far-famed nobles, reposed amid the escutcheoned pomp of departed greatness.

That the humble followers of the rule of St Francis should be so splendidly lodged, and so richly endowed, will not appear astonishing to those who remember the great popularity and rapid rise into public estimation which distinguished all the mendicant orders, but particularly the Franciscans; and which, as a very natural consequence, excited the bitterest enmity of the established Benedictines; who, inferior alike in learning and in popular talents to these interloping brethren, most heartily consigned them all to perdition, and not infrequently expressed their charitable belief that Sathan, who had, doubtless, assisted them to gain their immense wealth, would have his own at last.

And wealth brought its never-failing attendant, luxury, into the cells and cloisters of the grey coated brethren; and it required all the metaphysical subtlety, for which this order had always been celebrated, to excuse, if not vindicate, from the charge of inconsistency, the luxurious habits of the followers of the rule of the money-hating, pleasure-contemning St Francis.

It was true, would they argue, the rule of the order enjoins spare fast and spring water; but, how could they refuse the muscatel so importu-

nately presented by the merchants of the vintry, when, doubtless, it was offered from gratitude to heaven? and the delicate cates sent by those pious city dames, who had so largely profited by the holy brethren's ministrations, could they reject without giving offence? and, to offend was to sin. It was true, the rule strictly forbade "*riche and sayre apparell*," the worthy St Francis himself averring, that "*a ragged coat drove away the devil*;" but, if the fairest hands wrought willingly garments of the finest texture—if the most delicate fingers joyfully plied the needle for their decoration, was it Christianlike for the pious brotherhood churlishly to reject the well intentioned gifts of their fair disciples, and sternly determine to wear coarse woollen and sackcloth? Impossible! "*No, beloved brethren*," exclaimed father Gervasius, the reverend superior, when his decision was solicited respecting the propriety of receiving a fat buck and two pipes of malvoisie which alderman Oxenforde, of Langbourne ward, had presented, in gratitude to the reverend superior for having cast out an evil spirit, which had sorely affrighted divers of his servants, and caused some of his best wines to turn sour: "*No, my brethren, methinks we may not refuse them, seeing that we are strictly enjoined 'confidenter mendicare,' and wherefore, if we are not to receive?—Moreover, although we may not take money, we are commanded to receive gifts; and shall we say what shall be given us? Again, we are bound to eat whatsoever is sent and set before us; then, how can we refuse this worthy alderman's gift?*"

A pious lady having left gold to this convent to be worked into a massive cup, and a celebrated young goldsmith being engaged to make it; the jealousy of the Benedictines was excited, and they spread the report of magic against the artist.

"Well, master Blount, how will the chalice go on now?" was the exclamation of the worthy prior of St Bartholomew, soon after; accosting the master of the goldsmiths' company. "Admirably, I trust," replied master Blount, "and it must certainly be through the special grace of the saints that Drew Berentin hath succeeded so well; he hath finished two roses on one side, and they are such as were never before seen in gold, and the lilies round the brim look as though they had but just been gathered." "Said I not, that the chalice would be most wonderfully wrought," rejoined the insidious prior.

"Yes, holy father; but it is through the marvellous skill of this young man, and not by the aid of the evil one." "We shall know more about that ere long," replied the prior, "for Drew Berentin hath this morning been taken to the palace of the bishop, on great and grievous charges of conjuration; truly, I lament for the poor young man, seeing that the grey brothers have, doubtless, drawn him in; but we will go thither, and hear the charge against him."

Master Blount, sincerely reproaching himself for the respect and attention he had so lately shown to so evil and abandoned a brotherhood, followed the delighted prior in silence to the court, where the spiritual lord of London, Michael de Northburg, in his splendid and imposing vestments, the long purple robe, the seamless dalmatica, the embroidered cope and glittering mitre, rising in all the pride of episcopacy, and grasping that rod of spiritual empire, the richly ornamented crosier—surrounded by his chaplains, and a large assemblage of clergy and laity, commenced his address to the awe-struck multitude:

"Well hath this noble and ancient city thriven since our late worthy king Edward (whom God assoil) cast out that evil and accursed race, the Jews.

"Well hath this city thriven: but, alas! of late years, through abun-

dance of wealth and multitude of merchandise, wares of Sathan hath been imported.

"Fearful spells and devilish charms have been brought in amongst us, and men, even men professing love to our holy church, have not been ashamed to use chrystals, wherewith may be seen what is done afar off; and fearful and heathenish signs,* whereby they would seek to compute numbers even as by magic. It is not enough that justice be done to the bodies of men, while their souls are left ungarded,—justice must be done to both. "As the sun and the moon are placed in the firmament," saith the bull of the blessed Pope Innocent III., the greater to rule the day, and the lesser the night, so are the spiritual and temporal powers, to the last and inferior their bodies may be entrusted,—but to the first, the greatest, *their souls*." I, therefore, by the authority of this pastoral staff, wherewith I guide the meek, and rule the simple, collect the scattered, and restrain the presumptuous, command the prisoner and his accusers to appear."

The unfortunate young artist was brought in, and a crowd of witnesses, neither remarkable for rank nor respectability, pressed forward to offer their respective testimonies. One averred that Drew Berentin had declared that the chalice should surpass every other, though he would not say by what means; another deposed, that he had seen the young artist going along muttering strange words to himself; but the last witness, no other than the porter at the priory of St Bartholomew the Great, delivered the following most veracious statement:—he went the preceding evening to Drew Berentin's workshop, with the prior's seal ring, and there observed a tall figure wrapt in a long mantle, busily engaged on the chalice,—that he spoke to it, but receiving no answer, he wisely judged it could be no good; whereupon he made the sign of the cross—when

* The Arabic numerals introduced about this time.

the figure putting forth a pair of huge black wings, instantaneously vanished, with all the usual accompaniments of saucer eyes, tremendous claws, and a most fearful smell of brimstone.

What stronger proof of guilt could be possibly demanded than this? The young artist was called on for his defence; but, lost in astonishment at the awful charges which had just been preferred against him, he thrice attempted to speak, but in vain.

"Reverend father," exclaimed the superior of the Grey Friars, "here are many goldsmiths present who will all aver that this young man is a most admirable worker in gold and silver; here are master Blount, and master Elsing, let them examine the chalice, and say whether it hath not been wrought by earthly hands; moreover let the prisoner take his graver, and he shall show that he alone hath been the workman."

A petition so reasonable could not be refused—the chalice was brought and the graver placed in the young artist's hands; but he in vain attempted to proceed—again and again he essayed, but the strokes were weak and uneven, like the first rude attempt of some skillless workman; and the bishop arose to pronounce sentence on the agent and associate of the powers of darkness.

"Reverend father," exclaimed father Anselm, the sub-prior of the house of Grey Friars, "learned men have said, that if a sorcerer compel a spirit to work for him, it must be done within a set time; and, also, that having once given the order, he cannot revoke it. Suffer this young man to be remanded for a given time—let the chalice be placed on the table, the doors being locked, and then if a spirit hath indeed been invoked, the work will be completed."

"Your saying is good," replied the bishop, "let the young man be kept safely: to-morrow seven days is the feast of St Agatha, virgin and martyr, and then shall he finally be brought before us."

The court was accordingly adjourned, the unfinished chalice placed on the table with the graver beside it, and the bishop himself having carefully locked the door, departed.

It may easily be imagined that the news of Drew Berentin's misfortune rapidly found its way to every part of the city, and that many were the comments of the worthy citizens upon it. Indeed, the tale with all its supernatural adjuncts was so admirably suited to the taste of the age, as well as to its superstitions, that it furnished the sole topic of conversation to all the inhabitants of London during the anxious interval of the seven days.

And many a fearful story of satanic agency was told by the wily Benedictines—and many a tale of heavenly interposition was related by the sorrowful grey brothers to their respective disciples—and many a prayer was offered by the beautiful Agatha for the final deliverance of her unfortunate lover.

Now it chanced that the confidential chaplain of the bishop had been confessor to Agatha's mother, and, anxious to hear tidings of Drew Berentin, day after day she repaired to him; often casting a wistful eye on the iron-barred door which shut in that far-famed chalice, whose surpassing beauty had caused all her lover's misfortunes.

Her deep sorrow touched the old man, and forgetful of his duty both to the prisoner and to his master, he at length promised Agatha, that on the eventful day she should remain in the adjoining gallery, whence unseen by the court, she may both hear and observe its proceedings.

The day has arrived—Agatha has been secretly admitted, and with feelings of intensest anxiety she looks out from her hiding place.

The doors are all locked—the bishop will not arrive yet—she is quite alone,—what if she leaves her hiding place, and steals one look at the beautiful unfinished chalice? Alas! curiosity has silenced the suggestions of prudence, and she stands

close beside the table, almost unconscious of existence.

The bell chimes four, but Agatha hears it not; impelled by her evil genius, she has even taken up the graver, and, all unwittingly is attempting to trace an additional leaf; and there she stands, with one delicate hand gently laid across the chalice, while the other is lightly tracing the outline—her fair hair like a beam of light hangs across her snowy forehead—the white and ample folds of her whimple float like a fleecy cloud around her, while the many tinted light, which streams through the gorgeously painted window, sheds a halo of gold and purple splendor around a more beautiful and ethereal form than poet ever imagined, or visionary ever beheld.

The door opens—the bishop, his chaplains and the multitude enter, but Agatha sees them not; unconscious, unmoved, she stands the beautiful personification of her titular saint.

The rustling of garments, the noise of many footsteps, the exclamation of the bishop and his attendants, at length arouse the unhappy girl from her mournful dream. The fatal consequences of her unrestrained curiosity rush overpoweringly on her mind—she perceives she is lost, and precipitately flees.

“Reverend father, what have you seen?” exclaimed master Elsing, pressing forward as he beheld the bishop prostrate on the floor, telling his beads with great devotion.

“The holy father hath seen Satan,” replied the well pleased prior of St Bartholomew, “pray heaven he may not go stark wode.” The horror struck crowd drew instinctively back, while master Blount kept his eyes determinately fixed on the ground, fearing, if he lifted them, to meet the withering glance of some huge black fiend. “*Sancta Agatha ora pro me,*” exclaimed father Anselm slowly rising. “*Apaga! Sathanas,*” continued the prior of St Bartholomew, most devoutly spitting on the ground.

The bishop arose from his knees and slowly but firmly approached the chalice.

“Blessed are our eyes to have seen this miracle—the gold filings are scattered around, and another leaf has been added, but not by the spirits of darkness,—bring in the prisoner.”

Drew Berentin was brought in, and whilst the wondering by-standers awaited his fearful sentence, much did the young artist marvel at the benignant smile which illumined the stern features of the spiritual lord of London, but even more at the kindly words which were so unexpectedly addressed to him.

“O virtuous and highly favoured young man, to you hath it been given, even by a miracle, to overcome your enemies; truly, have you received assistance,—but not from the powers of hell, nor the fiends of darkness, but from the pure and holy hands of the blessed St Agatha, whom these aged eyes (albeit unworthy) even now beheld, clothed in that heavenly radiance, and arrayed in that unearthly beauty, that belongs but to the kingdom of Heaven.

“Go in peace, my son! go and prosper. And you, father Gervasius, take this holy chalice, even unfinished as it is, and place it on the altar; heaven forbid that mortal hands should complete the work of the blessed St Agatha!”

“*Magnificavit Dominus facere nobiscum facti sumus, laetantes,*” was the joyful exclamation of the astonished superior, as, reverently bearing the miraculous chalice, he passed through the discomfited crowd of Benedictines.

The saintly chalice, amid the rejoicings of the highly favoured brotherhood, was placed on the high altar in the noble church of the Grey Friars, where multitudes flocked thither to behold it; and thither came master Elsing, overjoyed at the visible interference of heaven; and thither came master Blount, sincerely deploring his former suspicions; and thither came the heaven favoured artist and his beautiful bride, to offer

fervent thanksgivings for so miraculous a deliverance ; and when father Anselm, who had been privileged to behold the heavenly vision, described the surpassing beauty of the Virgin Martyr—the ethereal delicacy of her form—the celestial expression of her face—unconscious that the fair original stood before him, a glow of de-

light, and, perhaps, of pardonable vanity, overspread the beautiful features of the earthly St Agatha, as most devoutly she returned thanks to all the saints who had enabled her so well to personate one of their number, and perform what indeed might be termed AN INVOLUNTARY MIRACLE.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

TUNE—"Over the Water to Charley."

'Tis curious, to find in this overgrown town,
While through its long streets we are dodging,
That many a man is in trade settled down,
Whose name don't agree with his lodging !!!
For instance, Jack Munday in Friday-street dwells,
Mr Pitt in Fox-court is residing ;
Mr White, in Black's-buildings, green-grocery sells,
While East in West-square is abiding.

Mr Lamb in Red Lion-street perks up his head,
To Lamb's Conduit-street Lyon goes courting ;
Mr Boxer at Battle-bridge hires a bed,
While Moon is in Sun-street disporting ;
Bill Brown up to Green-street to live now is gone,
In Stanhope-mews Dennett keeps horses—
Doctor Low lives in High-street, Saint Mary-le-Bone,
In Brown-street one Johnny White's door sees.

But still much more curious it is, when the streets
Accord with the names of their tenants ;
And yet with such curious accordance one meets,
In taking a town-tour like Pennant's.
For instance—in Crown-street, George King you may note,
To Booth, in May-fair, you go shopping ;
And Porter, of Brewer-street, goes in a boat
To Wuters, of River-street, Wapping !

Mr Sparrow in Bird-street has feathered his nest,
Mr Archer in Bow-street woos Sally ;
Mr Windham in Air-street gets zephyr'd to rest,
Mr Dancer resides in Ball-alley.
Mr Fisher on Finsbury fixes his views,
Mrs Foote in Shoe-lane works at carding ;
Mr Hawke has a residence close to the Mews,
And Winter puts up in Spring-gardens.

In Orange-street, Lemon vends porter and ale,
In Hart-street, Jack Deer keeps a stable ;
In Hill-street, located, you'll find Mr Dale,
In Blue Anchor-row, Mr Cable.

In *Knight Rider-street*, you've both *Walker* and *Day*,
In *Castle-street*, *Champion* and *Spearman* ;
In *Blackman-street*, *Lillywhite* makes a display,
In *Cheapside* lives sweet Mrs *Dearman*.

In *Paradise-row*, Mr *Adam* sells figs,
Eve, in *Apple Tree-yard*, rooms has taken ;
Mr *Coltman*, in *Foley-street*, fits you with wigs,
In *Hog-lane* you call upon *Bacon*.
Old *Homer*, in *Greek-street*, sells barrels and staves,
While *Pope*, in *Cross-lane*, is a baker ;
In *Liquorpond-street*, Mr *Drinkwater* shaves,
In *Cow-lane* lives A. *Veal*, undertaker ;

My jumbles and jingles I've now written down,
But if for their meaning you teaze me—
That they really have none, I must candidly own,
And silence will therefore best please me.
If not witty or curious, they'll answer, I ween,
To get me "*ask'd out*" by great *ninnies*—
And out of the firm of some new Magazine
Procure me a couple of guineas.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

THEODORE HOOK is a name well known among the Literary World as connected with those very elegant and interesting tales, *Sayings and Doings* ; the perusal of which awakened in me—no doubt in common with most other readers—feelings of a very different nature. The one, however, to which I more particularly wish to allude on the present occasion, is entitled *Martha the Gipsy*. There are people, and probably the more numerous class, who, on finishing this tale, have been inclined to shut the book with the exclamation,—*Ridiculous!*—and I confess I was nearly being included in this number ; but on maturer reflection I have rather felt an inclination to substitute the word *Prodigious!* Superstition forms no part of my composition ; and I do not believe in witchcraft : on the contrary, I have always sincerely pitied the poor devils who, on account of their supposed supernatural knowledge, have suffered on divers occasions

martyrdom from the *true believers*, and from a child have commiserated the hapless fate of that unfortunate French lady,* who, we are told in poetical language, was

"Burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch."

My acquaintance with the West of England has brought me into contact with a great many varieties of what I may call popular superstitions : and as the scene of action is not confined merely to the lonely hall fireside, or the creaking chambers of an antiquated manor house, but diffused generally over the face of Nature's grandest scenes, I shall proceed to give your readers some account of them ; first stipulating by way of preface, that I shall include nothing in the enumeration but what is well authenticated, or has fallen under my own observation.

It was in one of the wildest parts of one of the wildest districts in this or probably any other shire, and on one of the wildest days that frowned

* Joan of Arc.

on us poor mortals in the course of last winter, that, no fox-hounds being within reach of me, I joined a neighbouring subscription pack of harriers for a day's hunting in the moors. After having wiled away many hours of the morning with various success, we drew a gentleman's plantation, which appeared a very likely covert—we were not long without finding. Away went puss, and away went the pack after her: those who chose it followed at the best pace they might, but bogs and torrs are sad impediments. Many, however, there were, who did *not* choose—it was Mr So-and-so's hare, and she was "*a witch*." This was sufficient with the mobility. Whatever checks the hounds came to—whatever falls happened at the fences—whatever horses got bogged in the valleys, or tumbled over among the heath-covered granite at the torrs—whatever, in short, did or did not happen, was attributable, according to the rustic logic of the natives, to the hare we were in pursuit of being *a witch*. We did not kill, *of course*—*this* being an achievement which I found could only be accomplished by *a silver bullet*, fired I believe out of some particular gun, at some particular age of the Moon!

In the course of the same winter I went to see a friend of mine, who is fond of farming: and having an estate of his own in a tolerable situation, has a good opportunity to indulge in his favorite pursuits. That success, however, had not attended my friend's exertions which I could have wished—"his cattle died, and blighted was his corn:" he lost at the time I speak of several lambs of a fine Leicester sort (about which he was very particular), a cow and some calves. Talking one day with his hind on the subject—"I wish," said the man, "we may not be *overlooked*." "Over what?" exclaimed his master.—"Overlooked, Sir! I hope nobody may overlook us."—"What d'ye mean, Will!" said my friend.—

Will shook his head—"Ah, Sir!" said he, "Mr — lost six bullocks running, one after t'other, in as many weeks; and last master I lived with lost three horses—one while he was at plough—all owing to being overlook'd. Somebody had an evil eye* upon him. He found out who 'twas—he went to White Witch up to Exeter, who told him all about it."—"I hope," said my friend, "he gave him a remedy also."—"Oh aye!" said Will, "it can't happen again."

Mentioning the above anecdote some days afterwards at dinner, I was rather surprised that the circumstance did not excite altogether that astonishment and merriment which I had expected: so much to the contrary, that one gentleman present said he knew an instance where the influence of this "evil eye" had been carried to such an extent as almost to the entire annihilation of a family; and that the parents, who had lost child after child to the number of five or six, were firmly persuaded of the circumstances to which those privations were attributable, and had been, through the interposition of the "White Witch," brought acquainted with the person of this their mortal enemy.—What makes the above appear the more extraordinary, is the fact of the one party being highly respectable and well educated; the other, a pauper in a workhouse.

A fine young woman, at the age of one or two and twenty, was in a very sudden and unaccountable way bereaved of her senses. As a matter of course she was taken to the "White Witch." Unfortunately too she was taken on horseback; and here truly it might be said, "*post equitem sedet atra cura*:" for such a kicking and flinging no mortal ever witnessed. Whole hours were expended in going a single mile; and whether the horse was or was not in the secret, true it is such a perplexing journey never before was taken. The good old lady, however, could unravel all

* "I know him by his evil eye."—BYRON.

the mystery : a spell had been laid in a certain path-field for another person, who, it appears, was not the next comer. Molly, however, had all the advantage of it, and was doomed to remain in her hapless state until some important expected discoveries were made respecting her unintentional yet diabolical tormentor. A more propitious journey home was, however, guaranteed her, which promise Dobbin punctually performed.

A poor devil of a schoolfellow of mine, once suffered under this most dreadful malady of being "overlooked." I don't know what could have induced any mortal to have an "evil eye" on him—for he was a very harmless and inoffensive being : such, however, it was—and the poor fellow had fits to a great degree, in the paroxysms of which he would convulsively point to different parts of the wall of the room in which he might be—and at such moments the "*White Witch*," that revealer of mysteries, would instantaneously thrust a fork, or some other sharp weapon, into the wainscot. The next day, his direful enemy would be seen, if seen at all, walking about

with patches on his face, covering the wounds inflicted by the strong arm of the knowing one.—Such was the tale my youthful comrade told !

The old German tale of the "*Supernatural Huntsman on the Hartz Mountains*," has no doubt given rise to much "mystical lore," which prevails no where to a greater extent, perhaps, than in the West of England and in Wales. Here alike are to be found, on a still breathless night, the winded horn, the hounds in full cry, and the huntsmen in full chorus, which are never seen, and only heard of indistinctly and at a distance. Should some more daring adventurer attempt to "join in the common cry, and halloo loud," he is certain to pay the price of his temerity. *Pixies* will way-lay him in the wood, or *Jack-o'-lanthorns* lead him into the trackless bog on the common. One way or another he is sure to be convinced how much better it is to go quietly to bed at home, than to tempt the dangers of night-hunting abroad. To kill a raven or a cat is an enormity of the greatest magnitude in Devon and Cornwall ; and nobody has any luck who spills salt, or breaks a looking-glass.

LATE AMERICAN BOOKS.

PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS.

ABOUT five years ago, or thereabouts, an article appeared in the *North American Review*, advising the writers of America, or such of them as had pluck enough, and soul enough, to undertake a few straightforward stories, partly true, partly untrue, after the Scotch fashion, about the early history and exploits of the New England fathers, or pilgrims—the brave, devout, absurd, positive, original creatures, who are now looked upon, every where, as the "settlers" of a country, which they wasted, literally, with fire and sword ; with uninterrupted cruel warfare, till nothing was left, not a single tribe, hardly a vestige, in

truth, of a great people,—of countless hordes, who covered all that part of our earth ; being the natural, and, perhaps, the original proprietors thereof.

The paper was well timed, pretty clever, and has done much good, we hope, to the hot-bed of North American literature and scholarship, from the very middle of which the said *Review* itself sprung up, some twelve years ago, like a thing of the soil ; quite covered with fruit and flower, blossom and bud, nevertheless.

We did hope, when we saw this article, that some native, bold writer of the woods ; a powerful, huge barbarian, without fear, and without re-

proach, would rise up to the call ; come forth in his might ; and, with a great regard for historical truth, give out a volume or two, worthy, in some degree, of the stout, strange, noble characters ; the resolute, stern, thoughtful characters, who contrived, in a little time after they were cast away upon the rocks of another world, far beyond the reach of pity or succour, apparently without hope, sick and weary as they were, to build up a great empire along the coast, from the wreck and rubbish, the fiery material and brave ornament, which, after the convulsions of Europe, drifted ashore in America ; a story or two, worth reading, of the prodigious old Puritans—the political martyrs—the plain-hearted, religious, quiet men, so unlike all other men that we now read of, either in history or fable : the courageous fanatics ; the sober, unforgiving, bad zealots, who, on account of their moral stature, which was, indeed, of most unearthly proportions, appear in the mist or twilight, which covers the early history of New England, very much like a troop of giants walking about over the hills, in a great fog ; a story or two, worth repeating, of the witches and wizards, the wars and fights of the country ; the men thereof ; such as Winthrop and Bradford, Sir Harry Vane, Whaley, Goff, Roger Williams, Elliot, Standish, Cotton, with a host of others ; mighty men of war, some (for that portion of our earth,) some, tried in the battles of Europe, and well known to the soldiers there ; others, powerful in debate, or learned, or wise to a proverb, and all, every one, of a decided character, brim-full of heroic individuality ;—the women thereof, such as the celebrated Mrs Hutchinson, or the female Quakers, who were scourged to death ; or the witches, who were hung up for their beauty ; the language, peculiarities, and habits of both :—We did hope for all this ; and will continue to hope for it, though we see little to encourage us ; for we have some idea of what might be made of such mate-

rial, and have had, ever since the great Scotch novel writer himself, or a great Scotch novel writer, we should say, went a little out of his path, some three or four years ago, to take possession of the subject, as if it were a piece of uninhabited earth—and for what purpose, forsooth ? Why, only to keep others away, it would seem ; for, having set up the standard of dominion there ; said over a form of exclusive appropriation, very peculiar to himself—a few words of power—and looked about him, for a breath or two, he went away for ever. We allude now to the case, where he lugs in a warlike stranger, we forget how, Whaley or Goff, we forget which—from the woods of Connecticut—a grey-headed man—a regicide, if our memory serves, for the rescue of a people, who were attacked on the Sabbath, while at prayer—"at meeting," we should say,—by a party of savages. Do not mistake us, though. We complain of that novel writer, for leaving the New World in a hurry ; not for going to it ; for doing so little, where he might have done so much—not for doing little, where he should have done less ; for, let him search the records of all history through, page by page—ransack all the traditionary lore of all antiquity, and he will never find a people more worthy of his great, peculiar power—that which delights in the dramatic portraiture of men above their fellows—than were the people of North America, up to the time of the revolutionary war. They grew up in strife : in perpetual commotion. They flourished all the better for earthquake and storm. There were feuds in every province, up to the very day when they united for mutual safety ; leaders, political, religious, and military, of surprising waywardness and great energy,—energy, almost without example ; superb characters for the pen, or the chisel rather ; for he, of whom we speak, writes with a chisel, when occupied with a subject worthy of his whole power ; magnificent charac-

ters, in truth ; broad over the chest ; with every muscle up, and every sinew, by continual warfare, alive and articulate all over, in short, with courageous individuality.

Yes ; we did hope for a story or two of the right shape, nor have we been altogether disappointed ; for the writers of America started up, with a new impulse, after it appeared : broke out, from every wood, as their brave old fathers did, fifty years ago, in the day of their political emancipation, with loud cries ; and every month of late, nay, almost every week, we have been treated with a volume or two, such as they were, of tales founded, with some regard for historical truth, upon the early transactions of their people. The favourite period with all these new writers, however, would seem to be that of the Revolution there, about which, quite enough has been said, "partly true, partly untrue ;" quite enough now, to satisfy the appetite of this, or any other age, though it were said ever so well—fifty times better than it has been said. We, for one, are sick of it, glad as we are of the bustle "at home ;" sick and weary of it, although it augurs well for a new growth of literature, in a country where, till of late, authors were obliged, whatever might be their worth, to "work for nothing and find themselves ;" but where, within a few days, five thousand dollars have been offered (by Carey & Lea, Philadelphia) for two years' privilege of a novel, (Mr Cooper's *LIONEL LINCOLN*,) with a "bonus" of two or three hundred more, to Wiley of New York, (the publisher,) if he would forego his claim ; that is, about eleven hundred guineas for the privilege of supplying the markets of America with a native story, for two years. If this be true, and we have good reason for believing it ; and if it be true, also, that certain of the chief publishers of the United States are beset on every side almost every day, by young authors, overloaded with manuscript, or in travail with a book or two, (all which we believe

to be the case, on authority good enough to satisfy us, who are not easily satisfied,) we venture to say that another revolution will soon take place in the New World—a more complete and absolute emancipation by far, than has ever yet occurred among the people of our earth ; an escape from the worst of bondage—that of the soul ; the true bondage of death—literary, not political bondage.

Who that wishes well to the great republic of literature,—who that knows what miracles may be wrought, with a spirit entirely free,—when a whole nation goes forth to generous warfare ; every heart swelling with courage, heaving with joy, beating with hope ; all on fire, with a new taste of immortality, ripe for adventure in every possible shape ; who that knows aught of this will not pray for that hour to arrive ?

It will arrive. The day of thorough emancipation is near, we hope and believe ; emancipation, we should say, from that unworthy prejudice, (made up of a stupid apathy, self-distrust, and childish deference, God knows wherefore,) which degrades a people ; not emancipation, for that we do not wish, from hearty love, and grave, thoughtful admiration, both which the Americans do feel now, and must continue to feel, exactly in proportion to their own progress in literature and scholarship, for the scholars and writers of Great Britain.

Let a few of those youthful knights, over sea, who are now flashing their bright swords, with so much waste of power—giving a slap, five times out of six, where they should give a cut, or a stab—the flat of their blade, where they should give edge, or point—like all new beginners, who do little, with much effort, where, after a while, they do much, with little effort ; a few of those, who are now slashing away at one particular period of their strange history—cutting up characters, who have been cut up already, five or six times over—bruising people to death, after they

have been brayed in a mortar ; working up that, over and over again, which had been worked up, over and over again before, till there was nothing left of it ; and a few of those—a multitude, in truth—who are now ransacking heaps of earth—common earth, in a common highway, for a material more precious than gold—a stuff more coveted, by genius—while the rough, unvisited regions, over which, or near which, they walk every hour, in the daily transactions of a stupid life, abound with treasure—a little way below the rude surface :—of the many, who are thus employed, now ; a part, with swords, a part, with ploughshares, on the broad highway of North American history, at one particular spot, which was broken up, years and years ago ; rummaged, raked, and sifted, over and over again ; of these, let a few gird up their loins for a worthier trial ; go farther back into the woods of their country—among the shadows and rocks thereof—dig deep into the everlasting hills there, when, if they are not easily discouraged, nor too prodigal of power, they will assuredly meet with a reward, which they will never find where they are now looking for it.

By the way, it were well, perhaps ; well for them, and well for the great cause of literature ; well for the writers of America, and well for those of Great Britain, if the publishers here, and authors, who derive no profit from the republication of their books abroad, were apprized of what

we believe to be a fact—(we do not speak positively, because we cannot refer to the very words of the law)—viz. that if they, the said publishers and authors of Great Britain, wish to secure a monopoly for their works in the United States, for twenty years, or a due part of the prodigious gain, which might proceed from a worthy republication of British books among a people, six or eight millions of whom read more or less English, every day of their lives, while two or three millions read almost every good English book that appears, within a little time after it comes out, in this country ; or, if they wish to guard a work of theirs from piracy, they may do it, without much trouble, and with little or no expense ; for the cost of a copy-right, in that country, is but 4s. 6d. ; while the advertising,* which is required by law, would seldom exceed half-a-guinea, and only one copy is demanded for the National Library. The profit of republication there is very large now ; but, if proper steps were taken by British authors and publishers, it might be augmented fourfold—in our opinion greatly to the advantage of all parties ; authors and publishers, British and American. Half a million of the great Scotch novels, we dare say, have re-issued from the American press. They are read by every body—every where—all over the States ; and so, indeed, are most of the good British novels, poems, plays, &c. &c. ; many of which re-appear in America within forty-eight hours,

* It is comfortable enough to see how well informed the law-givers and great commercial statesmen of this age are, upon all matters, about which they undertake to legislate. How circumstantial they are ; how cautious ; how industrious ; and how accurate, in detail ! It is but the other day now, that a parliamentary man here, of high character, while urging a reduction of duty upon advertisements and newspapers—a wise, good measure, of itself ; a measure of his own, we believe—thought proper to inform the House, that, in Philadelphia, advertisements cost only *sixpence* each : thereby giving to the people of that city, as he thought, a very obvious advantage over those of Liverpool. Dog cheap, to be sure ! . . . But—in Philadelphia, and in all the chief cities of the United States, the regular charge for advertising is, from about three shillings, to six shillings a *square*, British money,—the smallest advertisement, however small, being charged as a square. We would remark, however, that when people advertise by the year, it may prove a little cheaper ; and also, that, if required, an advertisement will be repeated three or four times, without any further charge. Still, you cannot advertise at all, in America—or in Philadelphia rather, for less than about 4s. or 3s. 6d. sterling.

or at most, a week, after the sheets arrive there. See, in the last number of the Monthly Magazine, a paper—an original paper too, for all that appears on the face of it; a paper, which professes to give a deal of new, precious, and very exact information about America, and American literature; but which is copied, we perceive, with a most praiseworthy and scrupulous fidelity—in a very workmanlike fashion, word for word, from a discourse delivered one or two years ago, before some society of Philadelphia, and afterwards published by the author—a Mr Ingersol, in a pamphlet, which we met with, more than a twelvemonth ago, at Miller's American Library. It is all very true, nevertheless; and we refer to it, with pleasure, in confirmation of what we say, respecting the value of that privilege in America, which has been disregarded hitherto, by the publishers of Great Britain.

But enough—let us now go to some of these “late American books.”

1. The “PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS,”—God forgive the peeper, who has been peeping at large men, through the wrong end of a spy-glass,—we are afraid, is a tale got up to please the North American reviewer. It is a book—what shall we say of it? what *can* we say of it? a book, in three stout volumes—we hardly know how to describe it—full of good sense, which we have no sort of patience with; surcharged with historical truth, which nobody cares for; crowded with sober stuff, the insupportable accuracy of which were enough to damp the poetical ardor of a whole nation. All the dates are true—true as death; true to an hour; all the chief incidents, all the names—true to a letter. It is well got up; well written—the work of a thorough-paced, grave, cautious writer. There is hardly a bad page in it,—or a good one; or a bad phrase, or a foolish one; or a coarse thought, or a crazy one; or a thing to weep at, or laugh at, for nearly fifty score pages. In short, we never did see

such a tiresome, good-for-nothing, sensible book.

The author, who is a native American, (we say that, positively, spite of the shape in which the work has come out here,) the author of this PEEP, to say all in a breath, has the faculty of being absurd, without being ridiculous; absurd and respectable, at the same time. So well behaved is he, that you cannot laugh at him; yet so *very* judicious, that if another would make him appear like a fool—you would be gratified beyond measure.

Wishing to escape the severity of English, and very much afraid of Scotch criticism, he has put forth a work—as if all the eyes of all the earth were upon him—a work, which, though it has been republished here, will never be read, by either English or Scotch critics. Having heard the literature of his country charged with “coarseness”—that other name for great vigour, wild power, and courageous peculiarity, every where, in every age, with people, who have refined away all their own chief, distinguishing attributes, the author of this book has begotten his babe to a model; shaped his offspring to a mould, we fear,—lopping the giants and stretching the dwarfs, by a stop-watch, and a foot-rule—or a yardstick; and spoiling their shape with stays—worn before birth, we dare say, half the time—till they are neither one thing nor another; but half British, half American, half savage, half civilized, so that we are reminded, at every step, while they go by us, of Hunter himself, the shrewd, light-haired North American savage, wearing white kid gloves, at a patrician party here; and going to court, in breeches, with hair powdered—a bag, a lace frill, and a small sword, of which he was in greater peril, by far, than he ever had been, or ever will be, of a tomahawk or a scalping-knife.

But why do such things? Of what avail are they, to the half, or the whole savage; to the eater of men, or the writer of books, from abroad?

Why go forth at all, if you may not go forth in your own shape? Why throw off your own character, whatever it may be, when all eyes are upon you? Why undertake another—a new part, a serious one too, if you know what a serious part is—when you are playing for your life? In short, why become ridiculous? why make a fool of yourself to gratify another, who, if he be gratified by the sacrifice, must be, for that very reason, quite unworthy of it? Will the native North American please, or can he hope to please, a great people, or distinguish himself, by dressing after their fashion; by bowing as they bow; talking, as they talk; *writing, as they write*? by aping their behaviour, look, and carriage? by adopting their habits, only to make himself and them, habits and people both, ridiculous? by throwing off that, which places him altogether aloof, and away from the multitude—his natural air; his national air; his brave, strong, decided individuality? by foregoing his privilege, prerogative, birth-right, and country? Will they like him the better for it? Will they like to see a coarse awkward fellow—a giant, if you please, in his own shape—caricaturing the pomp of high life; and all the parade of courtly bearing, by his absurd imitation thereof?—We believe not.

For convenience; for comfort, perhaps, it may be well enough to do as other people do; but no man will ever be *distinguished*, by doing as other people do. Were Tecumseh himself, the great Indian warrior and prophet; were he alive now, we should say to him this.—If you are going to the *city* of London, to the Royal Exchange, or to Exeter Change, “by particular desire,” off with your barbarian robes; away with all that smacks of dominion or authority; hide your face; cover your heart; walk humbly; do as they do; go *there* like other people—the very mob—no matter how awkward you are. But if your aim be far above that; if you are not so much a man

of business or thrift, as you are a disciple of Ambition; if you are heedless of comfort; and care only for that, which is worthily cared for, by the brave and wise; if you would appear, like yourself, in the courts of royalty—at *home* there—even there; if you would bear up, face to face with it, like a man; or, if you are going to the West End, where the better sort of lions go—away with all imitation, with all awkward restraint; away with your white kid gloves, and every other badge of servitude—(for, to *you*, every such thing is a badge of servitude)—on with all the rude pomp of your office, with all the barbarous dignity thereof:—Do all this, or keep away. Let your carriage be natural: Bear upon your very forehead, if you may, the sign of power, strange, though it be; the name of your country, savage though it be—do all this, and, my word for it, Chief, they like you the better. They are courageous; they love courage. They are men; they love manhood: At any rate, if you go in your natural shape, in the true garb of your nation, you will never be laughed at. Grotesque, you *may* be; but, whether grotesque, or not, you will be respectable. If you are wise, you will not undertake the part of a fine gentleman, at your age. You may spend half your life before a looking-glass, with a drill-sergeant or a dancing-master—half your life; and yet, if you are made of real North American stuff, you will be no match, in well-bred ease, for an English footman. You will not go into a room, or out of it; or approach a beautiful woman, with half so much graceful, smooth, self-possession; or a tithe of his courtly air.

All this we would have urged, if we had come in the way of such a noble creature as Tecumseh; a part of it we did urge, to Hunter; and all of it, we now urge, to the writers of America, who are coming out, one after another, in a vile masquerade—putting away their chief properties, and aping the style of another people.

If they are satisfied with comfort, or security from the critics ; or with insignificance ; or a tolerable share of business, or profit ; or with a few weeks' notoriety on t'other side of Temple-bar ; or a few months of undisputed—sober—price-current immortality any where, they have only to imitate, or copy, the chief scribes of this empire ; to bow as they bow ; talk as they talk ; and write as they write—no disparagement, however, to the said chief scribes, who are capital, in their way ; but whom it will never do for American authors to imitate ; authors, we should say, who hope to be cared for.

But if the writers of America be what we believe them to be ; if their aim is higher, nobler, more courageous ; if they would rather perish of cold, far up in the sky, than live to a good old age, among the fires of earth ; if they would rather die, on the steep, rocky path to immortality, with one great hope clinging to their exhausted hearts, above the reach of sympathy and succour, than live, or flourish, ever so long, as other men live, and flourish, on the common highways of our earth ; if this be their temper, they will go abroad—each for himself, in the real costume of his tribe—the men of the everlasting woods ; the giants of another world.

What have they to fear, who do this ? Nothing—nothing—while they preserve their natural carriage ; their natural freedom ; their natural armour ; their natural integrity : Every thing—every thing—if they are foolish enough to put off their distinguishing attributes ; or simple enough to put on those of another people—whether of style, or manner.

It is American books that are wanted of America ; not English books ;—nor books, made in America, by Englishmen, or by writers, who are a sort of bastard English. The people here do not want copies, or parodies, or abridgments, or variations, or imitations—good or bad—of their great originals, either in prose or poetry. They would have

something, which they have not ; something, which does not grow here ; something, which cannot be made here, nor counterfeited here. They want, in a word, from the people of North America, books, which, whatever may be their faults, are decidedly, if not altogether, *American*. Why have they no such book now ? Why is there nothing of the sort, up to this hour ; nothing, we should say, save a small part of two or three stories, by Brown, by Irving, by Neal, and by Cooper ? And why is it, pray, that, even there, in those two or three, by such men, there is in truth not a single page decidedly, and properly American, either in character, language, or peculiarity ?

If we go to another world, say the men here ; if we go to another world for precious things ; for plants, or flowers—in God's name, let us not come back loaded with Irish diamonds ; or mica dust ; or exotics, which are only the spurious, or degenerate issue of our own soil ; or mistake, as others have, the superfluous leafing, or distempered richness of plethora, for beauty and great value—inflammation, for the splendour of health. Let us have poison, rather, for poison itself were more precious, than herbs of degenerate virtue. Give us that which is able to be mischievous, if unrighteously, or unworthily administered ; for drugs of no power beget a habit of carelessness ; and, whatever is incapable of doing mischief, is incapable of doing good. Every poison is the natural antidote of some other poison. Power is virtue. Hence do we require of the American people great power ; stout, original power ; productions, whatever else they may be, indigenous to the country ; preferring those, which are decidedly vicious, to those, which are of a neutral character—or of adulterated, or doubtful, or degenerate virtue. Give us a bad original, they would say, to every American writer, if they had any hope of him ; keep your good copy : No great man was ever able to copy. Come forth naked, abso-

lutely naked, *we* should say, to every real North American—savage, or not; wild, or tame; though your muscles *be* rather too large, and your toes are turned the wrong way for Almack's; but, in mercy to your country, to yourself, do not come forth, in a court equipage, with fine lace over your broad knuckles, and your strong rough hair powdered. We had rather see the Belvidere Apollo in breeches; or, if that be much too "coarse," in "shorts," or "tights," or "inexpressibles." Why turn out your toes now, if all your life long, hitherto, you have turned your toes in? If you do it ever so well here, nobody sees it; nobody knows it; but if you do it awkwardly, or, if you are caught rehearsing, with one heel at a time, it is all up with you. Do as you have done all your life—in such matters, if you wish to be respectable. Stick to your own habit. So long as you do, there is no standard for the genteel here, to try your gentility by. Throw it off, or take theirs; and you thereby acknowledge their jurisdiction, their power and authority, for trial and for punishment. Such would be our advice to every one, who, like the author of this book, is afraid of being stared at, for his originality, or laughed at, for his awkwardness, if he go among the polite, in his true shape—a rude, coarse man.

We had our eye for a while, we thought, upon the author. We were going to swear it upon a lad, who has been romping, for several years, off and on, with a couple of North American Muses; but, after getting through some forty or fifty pages, we gave up that idea—with pleasure. The lad, of whom we speak, has too much mettle, we know; too much genius, we believe; with forty times too much poetry; and too little good sense, we are quite sure, for such a work. We *hope* so; and yet, how came a bit of his poetry on the top of the opening chapter, with his name to it, in small capitals? That looks rather queer; rather suspicious—rather; because, with all the boy's

talent, he is very lazy; and has done so little, in the shape of either prose or poetry, as to be wholly unknown out of his immediate neighbourhood. Wherefore, we are rather puzzled—for once; but, wherefore, we venture to say that, if he (his name, by the way, is Mellen; Grenville Mellen—son of Prentess Mellen, Chief Justice of Maine)—that if he did not furnish a part of the work, some very, very *particular* friend of his did, (as we have said before, while speaking of his insufferable precision,) for nobody else would have thought of citing his poetry, as if it were known to all our earth. By the by, some years ago—we are not making up a formal essay; or writing well, by the square foot; we are only rescuing a few ideas from a multitude, which are crowding over us, on a drowsy afternoon—or, in other words, illustrating the beautiful theory of suggestion by—but let us go back. Some years ago, while getting through the States, we fell in with a volume of—of—say poetry, on the title-page whereof appeared four lines of—poetry; call that poetry, too, (we have no better name for it,) four lines, beautifully set, in small capitals, from "FARMER." But who was FARMER? Who the devil was FARMER? We had somewhere heard of one SHAKSPEARE, BYRON, SCOTT, MOORE, and six or eight other men of small capitals; but who the devil was FARMER? Nobody knew; nobody was able to guess. At length, however, we were happy enough to find out, after much inquiry. FARMER was Dr Farmer, and he, Dr Farmer, was, oddly enough, the author of that very book, wherein he, FARMER, was quoted on the title-page, in small capitals. We are justified, after this—are we not?—in suspecting the author of this PEEP to be either Mellen himself, whose poetry is quoted on the top of chapter one; or a dear friend of his; for, as a poet, he is hardly so well known, at this hour, as Dr Farmer was five years ago.

A word now, of the style; or, of a style rather, which is getting sadly

in vogue. We meet with it every where. Cooper's late novel (of which more, by and by) is crowded with it; and about half, or two thirds of all the poetry, which comes in our way, is guilty of it. One brief specimen will serve; we are not in the humour for copying to-day. "No great man was ever able to copy."

"We all know your opinion," saith he, to whom we are indebted for a "PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS," vol. II. p. 112,—*"We all know your opinion; but methinks a tongue, so eloquent as thine, should have won your cause ere this."* Beautiful! to be sure! beautiful! but how are we to speak of one, who has been guilty of such an outrage, in black and white, upon our noble system of speech; our beautiful, vigorous, and lofty language? Yet if we flay him alive, as we ought, for such blasphemy; what shall we say to others; people, who know better, and are guilty of it, in every page? It is getting very, *very* common. The pathetic of this day, is crowded with it. Prose or poetry, it is all the same. Cooper, in his *Lionel Lincoln*, is forty times worse. Do the blockheads know, or do they not, pray,* that a solemn style, and a familiar style, have no more business together, in the same period—or phrase, than two different languages? What if we, desiring to show off, were to make up a period

of two or three languages—after a shape like this, now—Ich—dois—amar à los pueblos,—what would be thought of our egregious folly? Yet which is the more absurd? We may tolerate a sudden departure, in the poets, when they are hard pushed for rhyme, or melody; we may permit such fine cattle to change their paces, at every step, or two, when they are tied up, in sight of the green turf, or striving to swallow the fresh air; but we have no patience with heavy prose writers; we cannot forgive the fidgetting of a dray horse, an overgrown ox, or the unwieldy vapours of a huge, heavy Flanders mare, pretending to kick up her heels, in a brave riot, forsooth, while she is breeding cart-horses.

There is Cowley, now. He translates Martial, Lib. II. Epig. 53, in this way, for a part—

"Would *you* be free? 'tis your chief wish,
you say.

Come on; I'll show *thee*, friend, the certain way."

* * * * *

"If to no feast abroad, *thou lovest* to go;"
&c. &c.

Outrageous! we shall have some of these people saying, *thou have*, or *you hath*, next, if we do not give them a hearty cuff or two, in our good-natured way, while we are in the humour.

(To be continued.)

NYMPH AND ZEPHYR.

Nymph.

Whence comest thou Zephyr? Son of Aurora!

Zephyr.

From the gardens of fragrance and beauty I come,
Where the rose's silk-cup is my favourite home;
I have been to the Queen of the morn—at her call
I have borne her new sweets to her star-column'd hall;
I have shaken the leaves of the brown forest boughs,
And the songsters have risen to warble their vows.
I have pressed on the grass where the green blade grows high,
And the lark is now hymning her melody.

I have been to the chamber of beauty, and there
I have played with her ringlets of radiant hair;
I have wreathed her white breasts which the white snow eclipse,
I have sipped the rich dew from her odorous lips.

* *Pray?*—We dare say they do not.

I have carried the plaint of a love trammell'd strain,
And the lady blush'd deep at the murmur of pain,
'Twas the same truant sigh which but yester-eve fell ;
It had kissed her white hand—it had bade her farewell.

I have been to the mansion of death—and from thence
I have winged the freed soul to omnipotence ;
'Twas an innocent—beautiful babe, and the sigh
Of the mother was heard in the cloud paths on high ;
Half mingled with prayer to the seraphim given,
Who wept as they welcom'd the stranger to Heaven.

To the green seas I go—where the gondola rides,
Like a nymph of the deep o'er the languishing tides ;
While the waves one by one into slumber fast fall,
And there is not a breath save from lips which *me* call ;—
'Tis the music of voices I hear swells the dome,
Loud the song is for Zephyr—I come—I come—
To your sun lighted shores—to your bright seas away,
There is loveliness waiting, I dare not delay ;
I have flower-loves to meet—I have vows to renew,
I salute your fair fingers—Adieu, nymph ! Adieu !

MY GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.—NO. II.

[SEE PAGE 108.]

My cousin Matilda wiped away a tear as my aunt Winifred concluded the fragment, for my young relative is affianced to an officer of the ——— militia, and she felt a sisterly sympathy in the sorrows of Maria : my aunt murmured “pshaw !” and my mother laid down her work for an instant, and then resumed it. My aunt took the hint, and after clearing her voice with three several and important “hems,” she commenced the perusal of

THE FAIR RIVALS.

I WAS just thinking of Eliza when I opened the book—and never did Rosseau appear half so sweet, as while my eyes rested on the passage she had quoted on our parting. I turned down the leaf—then carefully readjusted it—passed my forefinger slowly over the page to efface the crease—and, taking up a rosebud which lay on the table beside me, placed it between the leaves.—“Often shall I recur to the magic page,” I mused : “each night before I sleep, I shall remove the half-opened rose, to gaze on words hallowed by the breath of Eliza !”

I know not how it was, but the bright eyes of Emma Stapleton rivetted me to the ball-room that very night, until midnight had chimed ; then they lured me to her carriage and her *petit souper*, and I was so wearied when I entered my apartment, that I threw myself on my couch, and only *dreamt* of Rosseau and Eliza.

Emma Stapleton was gay, buoyant, and beautiful ; just sixteen, and hated sentiment. I talked of music, and told her that I read harmony in her eyes, and she turned on me a face radiant with smiles, and warbled “Cease your funning,” like an angel.—Eliza Malcolm would have blushed and been silent.

I overturned my inkstand on the white vellum binding of Rosseau, while endeavouring to write a sonnet to Emma Stapleton.

Emma detested *blues*, and affected great horror of a literary discussion ; once, and once only, I ventured to hint my admiration of Jean Jacques ; she murmured something about insipidity, and laughed : I felt the remark unjust, but the laugh was bewitching !

“Alphonse,” said I to my valet as I retired for the night ; “you are a Frenchman, and admire Rosseau ; you may take this volume.”

“Et la rose, Monsieur ?” said Alphonse, as he entered the room a

minute after, with the faded rosebud in his hand. I am glad I was alone when he returned, for I *think* I blushed.

"The rose is faded, Alphonse," said I.

"Rose cuillie et cœur gagne ne plaisent qu'un jour!" exclaimed the Frenchman, theatrically, as he withdrew. I am glad he left the apartment at that moment for I *am sure* I blushed.

Morning came, and with morning rose the sun and Emma Stapleton, and Rosseau and Alphonse were forgotten. I basked in the radiance of earth's loveliest, and left sentiment to my valet: which was the happier man let the world-wearied cynic say, for he alone can tell.

"Mademoiselle, est charmante!" whispered Alphonse, as he attired me for the opera, whither I was to accompany Emma Stapleton.

"Charming! Alphonse," I exclaimed earnestly, "she is an angel!"

"Monsieur le croit," said my valet, coldly—and the remark almost disconcerted me.

"And what think you, Alphonse?" said I, anxious to conceal my embarrassment, and scarcely conscious what I asked, "do you not think her more beautiful than Miss Malcolm?"

"Monsieur, me fait trop d'honneur," replied the valet, warily.

"You are a wise man, Alphonse," said I, interrupting the meaning of the *equivoque*. He laid his right hand on his heart, and when I had ceased speaking, made a low bow, and was silent.

"I did not go to the opera, but I sent a billet by Alphonse to Emma, and pleaded indisposition. I cast aside my habit de ceremonie, assumed my robe de chambre, raised my right hand mechanically to the left corner of the third shelf in my book case for Rosseau, and turned away with a peevish "pish," when it came from the depth of the empty space, covered with dust. "What folly!" I exclaimed aloud, "Rosseau never painted an Emma Stapleton!"

Alphonse brought me a reply; the billet was small, of a pale pink tint, and the attar de rose escaped its fairy folds in scentful profusion as I opened it; the elegant Italian characters breathed the very soul of gaiety and beauty; the entreaties were but commands, enwreathed with all the witching semblance of free agency! Eliza would have coldly expressed her regrets, thought I, as I secured the little billet in my letter-case, and threw off my robe de chambre.

"Monsieur, va-t-il sortir?" demanded the astonished valet. "I have scarce time to dress," I replied hastily, as I glanced at the time-piece, and turned from his enquiring look. Alphonse shrugged his shoulders, and followed me down stairs. Radiant with loveliness, lustrous with jewels, in all the "pride and panoply" of beauty, Emma Stapleton met my gaze that night; her very laugh bore music in its sound, and I scarce heeded the melodious warblings of the tutored vocalists. I was bending to catch the whisper of the syren, when my eye fell upon Eliza—pale, thoughtful, and silent, with her soft blue eyes fixed on me, almost in agony: I lost the purport of the murmur I had bent to catch,—I bowed my head to Eliza, and no tinge of resentment mingled with the grace of her answering recognition; she smiled as I looked towards her, but it was with the smile of heart-stricken sorrow, and I was the cause of that faint, moonlight smile.

I left my station by the radiant Emma for a moment, and approached Eliza; her extended hand was moist with the large tear which fell on it as I gained her side; she uttered no word of bitterness when I faltered out my happiness at her return.

"It was early spring when we parted," she said, tenderly, in a low soft tone, "autumn is nearly spent now we have again met;" and she sighed as she said it.

I felt the allusion; it was all of reproach to which her gentle heart

could yield utterance, and I loved her for her forbearance.

I returned to Emma Stapleton; but her fine brow was clouded by a frown, and her bright eyes flashed with resentment; something she said of revenge for my neglect, but at that moment I was thinking of Eliza, and the sense escaped me. I extended my hand on parting, but Emma was adjusting a ringlet before a French mirror, and the action was unheeded.

Alphonse entered my apartment with a *malin* expression of countenance, and I read somewhat of import in every feature as I glanced at him. I set down the untasted cup of chocolate, and asked his tidings.

"Mademoiselle n'étoit pas toute ange, au moins," said Alphonse almost triumphantly.

"What of Miss Stapleton?" I enquired with convulsive eagerness.

"Ma foi, c'est peu de chose," said the Frenchman, as he deposited a bouquet of white roses on my breakfast table. Emma Stapleton had married her dancing-master, and insulted me by a bridal gift.

"Monsieur a fait des bons pas?" said Alphonse, as he concluded his narration: *he* was thinking of her fortune—*I* of her disgrace.

"On dit qu'il n'est guere beau," he remarked, after a second pause; again, *he* was thinking of his person—*I* of his profession.

Eliza forgave me: but it was long ere I forgave myself; the months sped on tranquilly, for I repented my injustice. Emma Stapleton eloped with a French Count. I blushed that I had ever loved her; I blushed for her folly and for my own: the lesson was a lasting one, and ere another autumn parched the forest leaves, I had purchased a new copy of Rousseau—and Eliza was my wife!

DR SMOLLETT AND HIS FAMILY.

THE town residence of the family of the celebrated Dr Smollett, was at the head of St John-Street, Edinburgh. The novelist's mother passed several years of her widowhood in this house. She was a proud, ill-natured looking woman; but her temper was in reality much better than her physiognomy bespoke. She was enthusiastically devoted to cards. One of the magistrates of Edinburgh, who was a tallow-chandler, paying her a visit one evening, she saluted him with, "Come awa' baillie, and tak' a trick at the cartes."—"Troth, madam," says he, "I ha' na a baw-bee i' my pouch."—"Tut, man, ne'er mind that; let us play for a pund of can'le!" She was a shrewd, intelligent, and what one might call a clever old lady. She had a very high nose.

During his last visit to Edinburgh,—the visit which occasioned Humphrey Clinker,—the Doctor lived in his mother's house. A person who

recollects seeing him there, describes him as dressed in black clothes, tall, and extrememely handsome, but quite unlike the portraits foisted upon the public at the fronts of his works, all of which are disclaimed by his relations. The unfortunate truth is, that the world is in possession of no genuine likeness of Smollett! He was very peevish, on account of the ill health to which he had been long a martyr, and used to complain much of a severe ulcerous disorder in his arm.

His wife, as we know from authority, was a Creole, with a dark complexion, though, upon the whole, rather pretty,—a fine lady, but a silly woman. It is not true (what has sometimes been said) that she was the *Tabitha Bramble* of the novel.

There can be little doubt that Matthew Bramble was intended for himself. Jerry Melford was a picture of his sister's son, Major Telfer. *Liddy* was his own daughter, who

was destined by her friends to marry the Major, but died, to the inexpressible grief of her father, before that scheme was accomplished. The beautiful *Miss R——n*, whom Jerry admired so much in the gay circles of Edinburgh, was Miss Eleonora Renton, the daughter of Renton of Lamerton, and Lady Susan Montgomery, one of the Jacobine Countess of Eglintoune's pretty daughters. The object of Jerry's admiration was therefore a beauty by a sort of *jus divinum*, or diving right; it being just as much a matter of course for the daughters and grand-daughters of old Lady Eglintoune to inherit her personal charms, as for a legitimate male heir to succeed to an estate, a title, or a throne. A sister of Miss E. Renton married Mr Telfer, elder brother of the Major, who afterwards took the name of Smollett, in order to succeed to the estate. She herself was wedded to Mr Sharpe of Hoddam, and thus became the mother of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. a gentleman whose "ingenious and indefatigable" exertions in the cause of *virtu*, entitle him to the designation of The Scottish Walpole.

Dr Anderson, in his life of Smollett, speaking of the pillar erected to the novelist's memory at Bonhill, says, at page 137, "Lord Kaimes himself, Dr Moore informs us, wrote an inscription in English for this pillar, of which the late Lieut. Colonel Smollett shewed him a copy; but the Latin one was preferred. Though the fact seems to be indisputable, yet it is remarkable, that Lord Kaimes, neither at that time, nor any future period, ever mentioned this English inscription to his friend and neighbour, Mr Ramsay of Ochertyre."—Boswell also mentions in his "Journal," that Lord Kaimes *proposed* such an inscription, and that upon its being spoken of to Johnson, the idea of any thing but a Latin one met with the lexicographer's contempt. No mention is made, however, of Lord Kaimes having *written* an English inscription; and indeed the fact

that he did so, has never been more than conjectured by the public. We can now bring the truth to light, by producing a copy of the actual inscription, taken *verbatim* from the original in Lord Kames' hand-writing, now in the possession of a relative of the novelist, who is quite capable of appreciating so curious and valuable a document.

"No circumstance is trivial in the history of eminent men! Behold, passenger! the birth-place of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, who by nature was destined to banish spleen, and promote cheerfulness, sweet balm of life! His grave, alas! is in a distant country.

"How dismally opposite is an Alexander or a Louis, men destined by nature for depressing the spirits of their fellow-creatures, and for desolating the earth!

"This Pillar, erected by JAMES SMOLLETT of Bonhill, is not for his cousin, who possesses a more noble Monument in his literary productions, but for thee, O Traveller! If literary fame be thy ruling passion, emulation will enliven thy genius: Indulge the hope of a Monumental Pillar, and, by ardent application, thou mayest come to merit the splendid reward."

When Smollett was confined in the King's Bench prison for the libel upon Admiral Knowles, he formed an intimacy with the celebrated Tenducci. This melodious singing bird had recently got his wings clipped by his creditors, and was mewed up in the same cage with the novelist. Smollett's friendship proceeded to such a height, that he paid his debts from his own purse, and procured him his liberty. Tenducci afterwards visited Scotland, and was one night singing in a private circle, when somebody told him that a lady present was a near relation of his benefactor; upon which the grateful Italian prostrated himself before her, kissed her hands, and acted so many fantastic extravagances, after the foreign fashion, that she was put extremely out of countenance.

WOMAN'S HATE.

A SKETCH FROM A SPANISH TALE.

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."—CONGREVE.

"**WHAT!** woman—whose form, whose voice, whose soul, seem made for love and gentleness alone—invert the order of her being, and dedicate herself to the dark purposes of hatred and revenge! I'll not believe it!" exclaimed a noble-looking youth to an elderly gentleman, companion with him in the parlour of an inn at Dover. Having exhausted, in their journey from Paris together, the common topics of conversation, they had now sought a new and worthier theme of discussion—the varieties of the human heart. Nature had assisted age in forming a strong and distinctive dissimilarity in the appearance of the two. The clear, open, unclouded brow of the one, bore the impress of joyousness and buoyant gayety; whilst on that of the other, care, anxiety and acerbity were indelibly stamped.

"Aye," replied the latter, "and at your period of life, ere observation had taught me the fallacy of the doctrine, I should have received the assertion I made to you with the same incredulity; but assure yourself that I speak only truth, when I aver that as intensely as woman can love, she can hate. Long and fearful, I acknowledge, must be the combat in her soul, ere she consents to wind up her energies to this frightful consummation. An earthquake of conflicting passions, each striving for mastery in her breast, must shake her spirit to its foundation; she must love, deeply, fondly love, yet be abandoned by him whom she loves. She must be wronged, despised, scorned, and calumniated, before the tender sympathies of her nature will turn to bitterness and gall. But that the fairest bosom can heave with the deadliest vengeance, the brightest eye flash with the wildest fury, I

have seen"—and he shuddered as he spoke.

"When, where?" eagerly demanded his youthful interrogator; "let me know the country where such feelings are generated that I may avoid it."

"What country? Think you that the heart, like the soil we tread, recognizes the restriction of limits and landmarks? That it owns, and is tributary to the localities of earthly space? That its dominion varies with clime or continent, and that a peculiar tract or territory of ground determines its operations? No! Human nature is essentially the same throughout the world. The forms of society may establish a line of demarkation between the untutored savage and the civilized European, and assign to the one a pre-eminence over the other. But the distinction extends only to their outward bearing; for, are they not alike internally, accessible to the same influences, governed by the same passions, subject to the same contingencies, obnoxious to the same feelings?"

"But these may be directed and controlled by superior illumination."

"That I admit. Combinations, circumstances, even climate, may unite their aid to give to the same actions a different aspect; but it is for the universality of the one governing principle which produces them, whose empire is general, whose source is changeless, that I contend."

"May I ask if your opinions are the result of observation?"

"Of anxious research, and long and continuous observation. My appearance indicates that I have numbered many years; forty of these I have devoted to one single pursuit, the study of human nature. It is the knowledge I have sought after

with unwearied zeal, the science I have prosecuted with unabated ardour. I have visited distant lands, versed myself in foreign languages, with a reference to this object. Not for the petty distinction of having traversed more leagues, and heard stranger tongues than my neighbours: my aim has been to circumnavigate the heart of man. I have done this—I have dived into its inmost recesses, explored its furthest realms. My spiritual plummet has dared to fathom its perilous depths. The stormy sea of human passion, has been the ocean I loved to range, and watch its waves in sleep or storms. My voyage has been a fearful and eventful one, and many a tale of terror and gloom has it stored in memory's harbour.

"I have been convinced of the existence of many a feeling which for the dignity of our nature I had rather have believed dormant in the fathomless abyss of oblivion. But if I have touched on isles of darkness, I have also found many a spot of verdant beauty; for, believe me, Sir, man is not the debased and degraded being by nature, which the modern fashionable advocates of licentiousness find it their interest to represent, because it assimilates better with their own practice. Virtue is as indigenous to the soil as vice. But enough of this—an old man's reflections can have but little charms for the ear of a youth like you."

"Not so, indeed. You mentioned, Sir, I think, having yourself witnessed an illustration of your theory of woman's hate: if no infringement of secrecy, or violation of feeling, may I solicit the particulars of the instance?"

"The gratification of your request will interfere with neither of these: she to whom I alluded, when furnishing me with the facts, bound me to no oath of silence, and is herself now sleeping where the ban of earthly censure can never reach her. Reflect, however, on what you ask. If the belief in woman's undeviating tenderness contributes to your hap-

piness, why seek to dispel the illusion? And that your faith may be shaken, after hearing the little tale I am about to disclose is probable."

"Never—I may, and doubtless shall, regard it as a singular aberration from general rules, not as an example of common occurrence.—Is it historical?"

"It is. During a sojourn at Cadiz, in pursuance of my uniform practice I visited the prisons of the city. In one of these the heroine of my story was confined—for what crime you will know hereafter; she was ill, and I attended her voluntarily in my medical capacity, for she interested me much. At one of my visits she placed in my possession a bundle of papers, with an injunction to give them into the hands of her child, who was not allowed direct communication with her. I sought and found the house where the boy resided; but him to whom my visit was made I found a corpse! An accident had that very morning deprived him of life. I hastened back to his mother with the fearful news: and here, by a singular and fatal coincidence, a scene of death awaited me also; she had been tried, condemned, and the following day fixed for her execution. To avoid the public ignominy of a scaffold, she had preferred the dreadful alternative of self-murder, and swallowed a quantity of poison. I found her in the last agonies of dissolution—senseless and speechless—a few brief minutes passed, and the strong convulsion subsided—the bosom heaved its last sigh, and the body alone remained tenant of the cell—the spirit was in eternity!

"For a while I kept the MS. without opening it; but ere I quitted Cadiz I perused it; I found a family of high distinction implicated in the narrative, and to his care whom most it involved I transmitted the document. Before parting with the original, however, I made a sketch in my own language from it, of the leading events; this I have preserved, and shall have much pleasure in allowing you to inspect; the substitution of

fictitious names for real ones is the only alteration I have adopted."

He opened a small portmanteau, and selecting from it a packet of papers, deposited them with his youthful fellow-traveller, who read as follows:—

"Sebastian, my boy, for thy sake thy wretched mother consents to become the historian of her own injuries, the registrar of her own guilt. It was in the beautiful and romantic vale of Medelin, Estramadura, that I drew my first breath. My parents, in honest and contented industry, followed the humble occupations of peasants. They did not feel their poverty; they gained sufficient by diligence and frugality to supply the exigencies of life, and its meretricious wants were to them unknown. The welfare of their offspring, consisting of myself and one brother, formed their whole care: him at an early age they were induced to confide to the charge of an opulent merchant, who traded in the Levant, and who stipulated to requite at the expiration of a certain term of years, his heretofore unpaid services, by providing for and establishing him in his own profession. Thus relieved from anxiety on his account, my parents were left to concentrate their increased interest in me; and the sole aim and effort of their being appeared to be, to promote the happiness of their beloved Zidonia, and in this they were for a while successful. My youth was passed in almost unearthly peace. My spirit's bloom, like the air I inhaled, fragrant with the blossoms that sighed around me, was balmy and pure. Sickness approached me not, grief came not near me. My life, as it were, resembled the tinted rainbow, where joy, happiness and serenity bent their soft and brilliant hues into one beautiful whole. In the midst of a restless world of sorrow and discord, I could have fancied myself some fairy creation exempted from the contagion of its sufferings—the palpable impersonation of a dream, the native of some celestial sphere, where the

Madona breathed over her children the exhalations of her heavenly grace. I yet love to linger, O! I could for ever linger on this delicious portion of the past. But I must onward in my narrative: I must fling from my pen the odour that clings about it, while retracing the halcyon days of my infancy and youth, to steep it in the gall which embitters the record of after years. You have seen my picture, Sebastian; but, though somewhat like me, it fails to afford any adequate notion of my then transcendent loveliness. I was stamped with the lineaments of an angel, only to be the medium of transforming my mind to that of a fiend. Perchance you may think your mother says false, when she tells you that these eyes now glaring in their sockets, which have often caused you to shrink back and tremble, had once a tender radiance, soft as the blue depths of a summer sky; that these amber tresses, which the storm of grief hath bleached with its touch, were bright and shining as our orange groves! Why should I speak of beauty, but to curse and deprecate its possession. The deviation in the character of my beauty, from the complexion of my countrywomen, attracted universal regard and admiration, and collected around me all the youth of our village in homage and devotion. I smiled approval on all of them, but loved not any; when, on my eighteenth birthday, a village *fete* was prepared in my honour, at which I was elevated to preside as queen of the rural festivities. Though there were many assembled, I saw but one, and he was a stranger, who acknowledged himself drawn thither by the report that had reached him of the beautiful peasant's daughter. It was the young, the handsome, the gallant Marquis Velasco! It was thy father, boy! At that name let the healthful current, which has hitherto flowed in thy youthful veins, be changed to bitterness; let poison circulate through thy frame, and only rancour live in thy breast. Humiliating it is, indeed, to confess to a child his mo-

ther's infamy ; to seek the smothered curse he must breathe on her head for the disgrace she has affixed to his birth : yet it must be done—I would fain deceive the world, but my child shall know my most secret imaginings. Among the highest grandeers of our land the Marquis Velasco had for centuries boasted the proudest name, the purest escutcheon, and the richest inheritance. The present youthful descendant shamed not his ancestry ; in outward appearance he was princely—nay, godlike : to be brief, he won my love, and, by the degrading use of perfidy and falsehood, obtained the splendid victory over a fond, weak, credulous woman's virtue. When he first approached me, he talked, nay swore, indeed, of marriage ; but when the prospect of a double claim upon his faith and love appeared, he shrank from the ratification of his promise, he refused to wipe away the indelible stain he had cast upon me, and, by throwing the protection of his name around me, shield me in part from the world's contumely. No, no—I was to bear, patiently and alone, the soul harrowing sight of my wretched parents sinking into the grave beneath the weight of their daughter's disgrace. I was to listen, without one tongue to silence the scoffers, to the taunts of malignant rivals, and my reward was to be a few hurried minutes of his presence, a few heartless kisses—and my burning tears were to be repaid by the offering of a few paltry pieces of gold ! Yes, he mocked my misery, by seriously assuring me that all my wants should be provided for.—All my wants ? Could the wealth of worlds repay to me the treasure I had forfeited ? Could the richest pearls compensate the tears that anguish had wrung from my heart's mine ? Oh ! never.—Midst the wailings of my parents, and the scarcely suppressed curses of your mother, you were born into the world. No rapturous kiss of holy joy greeted your appearance—no prayer of devout thanksgiving hallowed your

birth. As I gazed on you, I saw the image of your false father, reflected back in every lineament of your countenance, and I could have hurled you from me ; but I did not—I wildly clasped you to my bosom, and my emotion vented itself in a deep, a dreadful oath of vengeance on the author of your hapless being. Time rolled on, and if aught could have softened the stern vindictiveness of my spirit, it would have been the constant contemplation of thy beauty and innocence : but these only served as an additional stimulus to my dreadful purpose. Velasco occasionally visited me, and in order effectually to throw him off his guard, and defeat his suspicion of the existence of any hostile feeling in my breast towards him, I dissembled my animosity, and constrained myself to receive him with an appearance of affection. I wreathed my lips with smiles, while my heart frowned beneath. I thanked him for his kind condescension, in remembering me when all the world had forsaken me—but I did not remind him through whom I had been thus divorced from society. I blessed him with an air of humble gratitude for his liberality ! Liberality !—when the pittance he awarded me from his ample revenue scarcely availed for the subsistence of myself and thee ! I hid the flame that was smouldering in my bosom, whose fire should one day light the altar of everlasting wretchedness in his, nor denounced him as the intended victim of a woman's hate. Various were the schemes of vengeance that I revolved in my mind ; but discarded them all, as inadequate to cancel the amount of my injuries ; when himself pointed out the means, and placed the weapon of destruction in my hand. My subdued manners had so imposed on him the belief that my passion for him had subsided into a calm and steady friendship, that he was accustomed to seek my judgment in the regulation of his conduct. But he went farther : he made me the confidant of a new passion which he had acquired for

Leonora, the fair daughter of one of our nobles. Great heaven! the fire that burns in the bosom of Etna is cold to that which raged in mine as I listened to the announcement.—And from his lips, too! Those lips, which, while fondly pressed to mine, had so often vowed to love me alone, and to love me ever! He asked my sympathy and assistance—these I

gave—whilst swearing to myself to hurl back my wrongs a thousand-fold on the head of him and my detested rival. Let it suffice, that in a few months I was entirely neglected, and I saw my seducer and deserter caressing his bride! Now it was that I began to arrange my system of revenge.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF A SOUTH-AMERICAN SEAMAN,
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO ———

See Vol. IV. N. S. Page 113.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Roads of Pernambuco, Sept. 1821.

I THINK I said nothing in my last letter of the general appearance of the town when you are actually in it. It far exceeded the expectation I had formed, when I first viewed its dusky-looking buildings from the sea. I was quite astonished, as I passed along the streets, to meet so many well-dressed, respectable-looking people, and such a rich display of valuable goods, gaudy dresses, fine furniture, and a great variety of elegant household accommodations, in the numerous shops that met my eye in all directions. Though I have not yet had much opportunity of seeing the insides of their houses, yet even a stranger may form a faint idea of the tastes of the people, and of their civilization, by casting a glance over the shops and market-places, whence all their wants and wishes are daily supplied. The places of public sale displayed abundance of fine clothing, and all the luxuries of eating and drinking, that we would naturally expect to meet with in a tropical climate; but I looked in vain for any thing like food for the mind. I went from one end of the high street to the other, expecting to find some bookseller's shop, in which I might lounge for half an hour, and turn over the new publications, and listen to the literary discussions of the day. But it

was all to no purpose; here were doctor's shops full of mugs and jars, full of the most abominable physic, (indeed I thought there was a superabundance of apothecaries' labelled bottles); here were shop-doors filled outside and inside with blue cloth, and green cloth, and grey cloth; there were windows hung round with shawls, and silks, and French laces, and *Scotch tarbans*, and bonnets of South-sea fur, with belts of golden embroidery; there were tailors' shops, filled with dozens of black slaves, some shaping, some sewing, and some taking the measure of their customers; there were black shoemakers, without either shoes or stockings on their feet; there were goldsmiths, and gunsmiths, and tin-smiths, the last of whom, hammering out their various articles of tinkling manufacture, made a noise like the confusion of Babel;—but there was no John Murray, Albemarle Street—no C. Knight, Pall-Mall—no Constable, Prince's Street; there was no reading-room, where you could step in and lay your hand on the last published Newspapers and Magazines. The only books to be found were a few Roman Catholic prayer-books, and some small pamphlets, hawked through the streets, written by some of the more zealous of the Priesthood, to establish the miracles of

some favourite saint. There is in the town a printing-office, where there is a sort of Newspaper printed at irregular intervals; but the paper admits no political discussion, as the press is completely under the control of the Portuguese Government. It is generally filled with advertisements, and silly tirades against the patriots who have dared to think for themselves. However, I am informed that though the greater body of the people have been hitherto prevented from expressing their opinion in print, there is an eager spirit for political discussion among them: but as they are in a great measure destitute of general knowledge, few of them having books to read, except such as the Catholic priests put into their hands, their politicians want materials for their minds to work upon, except the plain principles of common sense. However, common sense, even without books, has generated a deep-rooted hatred against the existing Government, among the greater part of the inhabitants; and I have heard that the governor of the place, Luis de Rego, was shot at the other night, and slightly wounded, while walking with a party of pleasure. He is generally allowed to be a gallant soldier, (I think I have heard it said that he distinguished himself under Wellington in Spain,) but as a civil governor, he is in this place considered an absolute tyrant; and his harsh measures have irritated the people so much, that one part of them have hoisted the standard of actual rebellion, and the remainder, it is generally believed, are in the fair way of following their example. He dined on board our frigate the other day, in full uniform. I think he is about fifty years of age, and, with all his orders and honours dazzling on his breast, he had a fine military appearance, and is a most interesting person to look at. I fancy he would be glad to get honourably quit of his situation here, for he begins to find the people very unruly. He says he is much fonder of military com-

mand than civil authority, and, from his officer-like appearance, I suspect him to be much better qualified for it. I am sorry we are going to leave this place so soon, for the spirit of the people seems to promise a thorough revolution ere long, and it would be very interesting to remain here and see them successful in the struggle for their liberty, at least their independence of the Portuguese Government. I am not sure, however, that even though they were free of the sort of military despotism by which they are governed at present, they are well qualified for taking the reins into their own hands. Considering the low state of education among all ranks, so far as enlightened government is concerned, they are all so nearly on a level, that there is likely to be abundance of quarrelling for the pre-eminence. In one thing, however, I think, so far as I can learn, they are likely to be unanimous, in a firm determination to unite, and strike off all dependence on Portugal, for they seem all to have learnt, from sad experience, nowever ill qualified they may be to govern themselves, they have nothing to lose, and the prospect of all to gain, by the experiment, for there is scarcely a possibility of their being worse governed than they have hitherto been, under the yoke of Portugal.

You will be surprised, perhaps, that I have said nothing at all about *the ladies* I have seen since I left England: to tell you the truth, I have been so much disappointed in my expectations about them, that they are to me subjects of very little interest; and I will just frankly confess, that I have not seen a pretty girl since I left home. Remember, I do not set up *my taste* as the standard by which female beauty is to be estimated; I only say, that I have seen none who had very strong attractions for me. You will be telling me, of course, that I have left my heart at home among the broomie braes of Scotland, and that my eyes are blind to every beauty, un-

less it be seen beneath the shadow of a tartan plaid, in some green glen, bespangled with white daisies, in the sweet silence of an evening in June. I have not the slightest objection that you should tax me with all this. I wish it were all true, though you need not believe one single syllable more of it than you have proof positive for. There is one thing very certain, that a seaman's heart would be much safer locked up in the custody of a lovely Scotch lassie, than in running the risk of being shipwrecked on a tropical shore, and exposed to all the temptations of sun-burnt beauties, with voluptuous eyes, and unveiled bosoms, and gold-laced gules, and * * * to say nothing at all of the intense heat of the climate, by which it is in continual danger of being melted and dissolved into a dew; had it not been that mine is in *safer keeping*, or of a very cool, philosophical temperament, like Hume's, for instance, it had been gone long ago. But I begin to get quite accustomed to the queer sights that are to be seen in this country, and when a half-dressed brown beauty presents herself, I survey her with great coolness and philosophical composure, from head to foot. To a stranger, however, from the hills of Caledonia, where our female manners are very pure, and our morality as cold as very "snow-broth," there is something exceedingly indelicate, and often disgusting, in the openness with which Brazilian ladies expose themselves in the balconies to the eyes of the passing stranger. There is a general appearance of softness, and indolence, and laziness, and voluptuousness, about them, which I don't like at all. Instead of making themselves attractive, by exposing *a little* to kindle imagination, and make it picture out the ideal loveliness still concealed, they expose so *much*, that imagination has nothing to dwell on at all, or at least almost nothing; and instead of being attractive, they become repulsive to a mind of any delicacy. They have a very pretty custom, which has often amused me,

of throwing flowers at strangers as they pass under their windows. They probably mean nothing by it; but if a Scotch or English lady were to do such a thing, it would be construed into as daring an attack as that made by widow Wadman on my uncle Toby; and a foreigner would consider himself justified in laying siege to a fortress firing guns in token of defiance, just as much as to say, "Come if you dare."

Unless in the way of intrigue, it is not easy for strangers to get admission into much female society. It does not strike me, from what I have seen, that there is much general intercourse kept up between the English of this place and the Brazilians, in the way of visiting at one another's houses. The Brazilian merchant meets the English one, on terms of great good will, in the counting-house, to transact business; but he is afraid of asking him into the society of his wife and daughters; if he has occasion to ask him to his house, it is seldom, I am told, that they make their appearance. Whether this originates in the husband's want of faith in the frail virtue of his wife and daughters, or a suspicion of the English character, it is not for me to determine. I am afraid, from the accounts that some of the English give of themselves, that there is but too good reason for the Brazilian husbands to be very cautious how they yield them admission into their domestic circle. Not many of them whom I have met are married—it may be, perhaps, from the want of English ladies in the place; and for this reason it would be, I think, a good speculation, for those whose charms begin to wear out of repute at home, to ship themselves across the Atlantic, and fix a branch of their establishment in Pernambuco, by the way of carrying on trade. There are many rich English merchants there, and a very ordinary-looking English woman would be astonished to find herself considered such an invaluable treasure among them, after the indifference with which she may have

been treated at home. I seriously believe many of them would marry, if they could find respectable ladies to make companions of; but few of them are willing to marry Brazilians, on account of their ignorance. The greater part of them leave England while they are very young men, in the capacity of clerks, before they have formed any rational and lasting attachment at home; and by the time that their apprenticeship is over, and they are able to form a domestic

establishment, by getting into business on their own account, all their school-day attachments are forgotten, or at least broken off, and the consequence is, that they must either marry such as are found conveniently, or keep Bachelor's Hall; for few of them can find time, from their business, to come home to England, with the express purpose of seeking a wife, if they have not had her commissioned beforehand.

THE BLIND MAN'S DOG.

FOR the last half moon the walls of Bagdad were burning hot; a terrible and intense heat afflicted the numerous inhabitants of the holy city. The atmosphere was inflamed, and pestilential vapours exhaled from the earth. The faithful believers thought that the eternal reign of the prophet was about to commence. The waters of the Tigris had become unhealthy, and it was feared that they would soon be insufficient to supply the public baths; a drop of rain would have been a blessing from heaven, but in vain the most holy members of the ulema fatigued the prophet with their fervent prayers: the heavens were like a brazen buckler inflamed; the night had lost the freshness of its breezes, and the fruit of the palm-tree fell dried to the earth ere it was ripe.

A calamity still more dreadful was the result of this intense heat: the dogs which are continually running about the streets of this populous city, were attacked by that disorder for which human art has yet discovered no remedy; a great many Mussulmen had fallen a prey to the bite of those ferocious animals; the greatest consternation reigned in Bagdad; and the lieutenant of police ordered their entire destruction.

Overcome by heat and want, an old blind man fell asleep under the portico of a fine mansion. Scorched by the rays of the planet, which he

could not see, he had followed to this shade his faithful dog, Mesrour, his old companion. Several times before he slumbered had he patted his faithful Mesrour, who licked, according to custom, the dust off his feet; the poor blind man murmured a prayer to the prophet, and sunk to sleep. He dreamt that Mesrour was taken from him, that a cruel police agent had cut the cord by which he held him; he fancied he heard the cries of his faithful friend, and started from his stony couch.

"Mesrour!" he cried, "Mesrour, where art thou?" and a confused noise was the sole reply. He sought the string by which the dog led him through the streets. The poor man anticipated his misfortune, for Mesrour answered not his voice; rolling in the dust and tearing his long white beard, "Thou would'st not leave me," said he; "thou wert the kindest, the best of friends: tell me, I beseech you, where is my dog, and the prophet will reward you; for the Koran says, always respect old age and misfortune every where, if you wish to enter the kingdom of Heaven."

"Vile slave, thy dog is dead, we have killed him," said a police officer.

"Ah! who could have given such an order? I am no slave but only one of the poorest children of the

prophet. It is the justice of the caliph, say you; it is the lieutenant of police of Bagdad. Ah! my poor Mesrour, it is then true that I have lost thee; Thou wilt no longer guide my trembling steps through Bagdad; I shall no longer divide with thee the morsel of bread steeped with my tears; thou wilt no longer console my long years of misery: thou wert my only wealth; thou formed'st all my family; thou only lovedst me upon this earth. Farewell, my poor Mesrour! but lead me, I pray, to the cruel magistrate who has caused the death of my dog, that I may tear my clothes and pour out my anathemas upon him."

At these words the slaves and creatures of the lieutenant of Bagdad fell furiously on this unfortunate, who dared thus curse, instead of blessing the orders of their master. The enraged mob gathered tumultuously to drag him before the caliph, when an emir of the guard of that prince crossed the square where this scene took place: he dispersed the officers of police, and approaching the old man, announced to him that the goodness of the caliph had provided for the remainder of his days; but the poor blind man was lying in the dust, where he had just breathed his last sigh, in pronouncing the name of his faithful Mesrour.

VARIETIES.

GOLFING.

DURING the residence of the Duke of York in Edinburgh, (about 1770) he frequently resorted to Leith Links, in order to enjoy the sport of golfing, of which he was very fond. Two English noblemen, who followed his court, and who boasted of their expertness in golfing, were one day debating the question with his Royal Highness, whether that amusement were peculiar to Scotland or England; and having some difficulty in coming to an issue on the subject, it was proposed to decide the question by an appeal to the game itself; the Englishmen agreeing to rest the legitimacy of their national pretensions as golfers, together with a large sum of money, on the result of a match, to be played with his Royal Highness and any Scotsman he could bring forward. The Duke, whose great aim at that time was popularity, thinking this no bad opportunity both for asserting his claims to the character of a Scotchman, and for flattering a national prejudice, immediately accepted the challenge; and, in the meantime, caused diligent inquiry to be made, as to where the most efficient partner could be found. The person

recommended to him for this purpose was a poor man, named John Patersone, a shoe-maker, who was not only the best golf-player of his day, but whose ancestors had been equally celebrated from time immemorial. On the matter being explained to him, Patersone expressed great unwillingness to enter into a match of such consequence; but, on the Duke encouraging him, he promised to do his best. The match was played, in which the Duke and his humble partner were of course victorious; and the latter was dismissed with a reward corresponding to the importance of his service—being an equal share of the stake played for. With this money he immediately built a comfortable house in the Canongate, in the wall of which the Duke caused a stone to be placed, bearing the arms of the family of Patersone, surmounted by a crest and motto, appropriate to the distinction which its owner had acquired as a golfer.

CHANCE.

There are a number of very good intentioned, clever kind of people, that are mighty believers in the potency of chance, that are delighted with an unforeseen occurrence, lead-

ing to after consequences, and that are perfect connoisseurs in what they please to term providential escapes. And yet how few of these look on such things but as food for curiosity rather than reflection, as circumstances of amusement or wonder, not events that should teach us wisdom, or inculcate caution. They call them *providential* escapes, because custom has taught them the term, and they do not, after the first excitement of their occurrence, think of the presiding cause, or see his arm of encouragement, or hand of anger, tracing the hand-writing, or directing the sling of the son of Jesse. Chance, chance, is the people's divinity, and "wasn't it strange! wasn't it very lucky!" or "wasn't it shocking!" is the fashionable vocabulary with which it is apostrophized.

Like Richard of Plantagenet, the "vain-glorious" of the world go on their course rejoicing, and, unawed by portents, or unmoved by warnings, seem in all their occurrences to exclaim:

"If *chance* will have me king,
Why, *chance* may crown me too."

These few observations have been elicited from meeting with a record of some of those providential escapes, which have been attributed to accident, or chance, and which should rather be ascribed to higher causes, and holier commands. Two or three of these may not inaptly form an epilogue to a very brief commentary, or be totally devoid of interest or instruction.

"If a fire had not happened at Newmarket, Charles II. would have been assassinated on his road to London."

"If James II. had gone from Salisbury to Warminster to dinner, as he intended, he would have been seized by Sir G. Hewitt, Kirk, Lancer, &c., and delivered up to the Prince of Orange; or, if a rescue had been attempted, Sir George and Wood were to have shot him; or, if that had missed, then Lord Char-

chill, who was to have gone in the coach with him, would have shot or stabbed him; but his Majesty's nose very happily began to bleed, which prevented him from going to Warminster."

"A plot was laid against Sir Robert Walpole, when he was to return from the House of Commons; but, on the night it was to take place, Sir Robert's carriage did not arrive in time, and he returned in a friend's. The assassins, supposing him to be in his own carriage, on examination found it empty."

"When Bonaparte's destruction seemed inevitable, by an explosion of what was called the infernal machine, his coachman was drunk, and drove so furiously that he had passed before the gunpowder took fire."

These may be multiplied to a considerable extent, but enough to uphold my argument has been given, and I forbear, and write no more.

DUELLING

Gustavus Adolphus, the King, had strictly prohibited duelling; but in one of the Russian campaigns, a quarrel having arisen between two officers of high command, they agreed to request an audience of His Majesty, and they besought his permission to decide the affair like men of honour. His Majesty was extremely enraged, but repressed his passion with so much art, that they easily mistook him: with apparent reluctance, he told them that he blamed them for their mistaken notions concerning fame and glory; yet, as their unreasonable determination appeared to be the result of deliberate reflection to the best of their deluded capacity, he said that he would allow them to decide the affair at the time and place fixed on; adding, that he should be himself an eye-witness of their extraordinary valour and prowess. At the hour appointed, Gustavus arrived, accompanied by a small body of infantry, whom he formed into a circle round the combatants. "Now," said he, "fight till one man dies;" and calling his

Provost Marshal to him, directed, that whenever one was killed, he should behead the other. This speedily brought both down upon their knees to beg forgiveness. The King pardoned them, directing that they should embrace one another. They did so, and remained friends through life. —

THE CORONER'S INQUEST TRIAL IN ENGLAND.

A woman in London, after she had interred six husbands, found one sufficiently courageous to make her a wife for the seventh time. For several months their happiness seemed mutual, which circumstance militated against the conduct of the former husbands, whom she represented as disgusting, either by their sottishness or their infidelity. In order to ascertain the real character of his partner, the man began to absent himself from home, to return at unseasonable hours, and to pretend intoxication. At first reproaches, and next threats, were the result of such conduct. He however persisted, and seemed more and more addicted to his bottle.

One evening, when she supposed him dead drunk, she unsewed a leaden weight out of the sleeve of her gown, and having melted it, she approached to her husband, who still feigned to be in a deep sleep, in order to pour it into his ear by means of a pipe. Now convinced of her wickedness, he started up, and seizing her, called for assistance to secure her until next morning, when she was taken before a magistrate, who committed her to prison. The bodies of her six former husbands were dug up, and marks of violence were discoverable upon each of them, in as far as it was possible to ascertain at the distance of time. Thus the proof of her guilt appeared so strong upon her trial, along with the crime in which she was actually detected, that she was condemned and executed. To this circumstance England is said to be indebted for that useful regulation, by which no corpse of any person dying sudden-

ly, or found dead by violence, can be interred without a legal inspection. —

MADAME DU FRESNOY.

French literature and society have experienced a severe loss in the death of this distinguished literary lady, who combined all the graces of good breeding, and an amenity of disposition, with superior talent. The author of a great number of works, she never lost sight of the principle so often forgotten by our neighbours, that morality ought to form the basis of all education. Her compositions were chiefly for the rising generation; and if she does not rise to the dignity of Miss Edgeworth, she may be cited favourably after her. Her poem on the death of Bayard was crowned by the Institute on the 5th of April, 1815. Her volume of *Elegies* are in the library of every person of taste and sentiment: they breathe all that delicious sweetness of melancholy which reminds us of the best models of antiquity. She was the author of the Abbé Sicard's affecting narrative of his sufferings during the massacres of September. The Abbé, it is said, disavowed the work, yet this did not lessen the friendship that subsisted between them. The author of this notice dined in company with them both, at the house of a common friend, a few years since, when there appeared to be a filial affection in Mad. D. for the virtuous teacher of the deaf and dumb. It would be too long to cite all her productions here—they have all run through several editions. We may mention—*La Petite Menagère, ou l'Education Maternelle*, 4 vols., 18mo.; *Etrennes à ma Fille*, 2 vols. in 12mo.; *Biographie des Jeunes Demoiselles*, as having become very popular. Her last work, and which was completed only a few months before her death, was the *Beauties of the History of Spain*, a performance replete with interesting anecdote, in which the history of Spain abounds more than any other nation. She appeared to possess a strong constitution; and

promised a much longer career, when a disorder of the chest suddenly carried her off, on the 7th of last May.

ANECDOTE.

During a combat of lions, at which Francis I. was present, a lady having dropped her glove, said to De Lorges—"If you would have me believe you love me as much as you swear to me every day, go and pick up my glove." De Lorges picked it up, in the midst of the ferocious animals, and upon returning, threw it in the lady's face; and, notwithstanding all her protestations and entreaties, would never see her more.

SONG.

Trust not, oh, trust not
The smiles of the fair;
Like dew after sunrise
Their words are of air.

The glances they throw
May enter your heart,
And then is their triumph,
And then is your smart.

Thus oft have I sung
When unfetter'd by Love,
As playful as lambkin,
As pure as the dove.

But now, when the blasts
Of a world of woe
Have come o'er my spirits,
And ruffled their flow;

I oft, in the hour
Of sadness and grief,
Have felt that a fair one
Can yield *some* relief.

DRINKING HEALTHS.

It was the custom among the Greeks, and from them the Romans adopted it, to make libations by pouring out wine, and drinking it in honour of their gods. Sometimes this ceremony was introduced at their meals, but it was usually practised in the interval between the courses. It is more difficult to ascertain the precise date of drinking the healths of heroes, benefactors, friends and acquaintance; but we find it among the Greeks so early as Theseus, in those remote ages, which are distin-

guished in history by the splendid appellation of the heroic ages, many centuries before the commencement of the Christian era. Nor were strangers of eminent rank neglected. Every time they venerated the gods, or wished the health and prosperity of their friends, it was in pure wine, and it was essentially necessary that it should be without mixture. The Roman gallants were accustomed to drink as many glasses to their mistresses as there were letters in their name. Hence Martial says

Let six full cups to Nævea's health go
round,
And fair Tustina's be with seven crown'd.

INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.

The *estrapade* was an instrument invented under the reign of Francis I., to torture the protestants, whom it raised and lowered into the flames, in order to prolong their sufferings. One of these infernal machines, situated at the end of the Rue de l'Estrapade, was used for the punishment of soldiers. Their hands being tied behind them, they were raised to a considerable height, and then suddenly lowered, but not to the ground, so that the jerk dislocated their arms. This horrible mode of punishment was not abolished in France till the reign of Louis XV. It is still practised at Rome!

THE GREAT CALF.

A company disputing on the superiority of Oxford to Cambridge, a person remarked that the decision could not affect him, because he was educated at both:—"That," said an old gentleman present, "puts me in mind of a calf, which, I remember, when I was a lad, was suckled by two cows."—"Really!" exclaimed the other—"and pray, sir, what was the consequence?"—"Why, sir, he turned out the *greatest calf I ever saw in my life.*"

AUSTRIAN ETIQUETTE.

In Austria nothing can exceed the extravagant pretensions of military rank and etiquette, as observed by the reciprocal gradations of the officers.

Thus, a subaltern, in ordinary cases, may not presume to walk abreast of, much less arm in arm with, a captain, but obliquely behind him: nor would such a liberty be tolerated in a captain with a field officer. In like manner, the amount of punishment inflicted upon the soldiers is regulated by a certain whimsical law, dependant upon the rank of the officer who orders the infliction.

THE HEROISM OF ELIZABETH HOPKINS.

The memorial of Elizabeth Hopkins, wife of Jeremiah Hopkins, sergeant of the 104th regiment of foot:

Most humbly sheweth, that she was born of British parents at Philadelphia, in the year 1741; has her husband, six sons and a son in law serving his Majesty in the 104th: and during the course of her life, from her zeal and attachment to her king and country, she has encountered more hardships than commonly fall to the lot of her sex. That in the year 1770, being with her first husband (John Jasper,) a sergeant of marines on board the brig *Stanley*, she was wounded in her left leg in an engagement with three French vessels, when she was actually working at the guns. That the marines having been landed at Cape May, in America, her husband was taken prisoner by a captain Plinket of the rebel army, near Mud-Fort Nied, and sentenced to suffer death; that by her means he was enabled to escape with twenty-two American deserters, to whom she served arms and ammunition; and, on their way to join the army, their party was attacked by the enemy's light horse; she was fired at and wounded in her left arm; but, undismayed, took a loaded firelock, shot the rebel, and brought his horse to Philadelphia, (the headquarters of the army,) which she was permitted to sell to one of General Howe's aide-de-camps. That after many fatigues and campaigns her husband died, and she married Samuel Woodward, a soldier in Col. Chambers's corps; was, with the

troops under General Campbell, taken at Pensacola, having, however, during the siege served at the guns, and tore up her clothes to supply the want of wadding.

That having been exchanged at the peace of 1783, from attachment to the royal cause she embarked on board a transport with part of Delancey's and Chambers's corps; was shipwrecked on Seal Island, in the Bay of Fundy, when near three hundred men, and numbers of women and children, were lost. That she suffered unparalleled distress; being pregnant, and with a child in her arms, remained three days on the wreck; was taken up with her husband and child by fishermen of Marble-head; and, shortly after being landed, delivered of three sons, two of whom are in the 104th, the other dead. Lastly, that she has had the honour of being the mother of twenty-two children—namely, eighteen sons and four daughters; seven of the former being alive, and three of the latter. That your memorialist humbly prays, that you may consider her as a fit object for some allowance from the compassionate fund towards her maintenance in her old age, having lost all her property, as a reward for her long and faithful services to her king, as in duty bound shall ever pray.

New Brunswick, April 12, 1816.

The subject of this memorial is now far advanced in years, and was about two months since hearty and well at Quebec. In consequence of her memorial she obtained a pension from government of 100*l.* a year.

April 13th, 1825.

AERIAL ASCENT.

Mademoiselle Garnerin lately made an aerial ascent at Rome. The prince and princess of Lucca, and the foreign ambassadors, were among the spectators. When she had been a quarter of an hour in the air, Mademoiselle Garnerin cut the rope of the parachute, and descended safely in an enclosure of the Villa Borghese.